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BLONDES have all the luck . . .



Down the years from Eve to Dietrich Every blonde has been a NEAT TRICK!

Eyes of blue and curls of yellow seem to make a fellow mad!

Who gets yachts and gilt-edged bonds? No one else but Baby Blondes . . .

If you're flaxen . . . then you're Nice . . . If you're not, take my advice . . .

Brunettes must be super-girls to catch their share of attention

THERE are many ways to lure a man, but being blonde is the best. At least, it helps an awful lot.

Why?

This weighty question has been puzzling me ever since my cruel parents sent me to a fresh-air kindergarten at which all of us miserable moppets were bundled up in sweaters and coats, and set to weaving mats on the porch outdoors in midwinter.

Now at the age of four I would take a back seat to nobody when it came to weaving mats, but did that get me anywhere with the male teacher? No.

It was a nasty little thing named Phyllis who got all the breaks.

Phyllis was a terrible mat weaver, but she had long yellow curls and big blue eyes, and she was the one who was always allowed to go into the nice warm house whenever she said she was cold.

But I could be slowly turning purple and all that happened was that I was told it was doing me good.

Ever since then I have worried about blondes.

There is no doubt about the fact that blondes are the attention-getters the world over.

All the proof you need is to sit in a night club or on the beach and watch a blonde go by.

Every man present will turn to look and there is an inaudible, but unmistakable, "Whew!" that goes whistling through the air, leaping from male to male like lightning.

If a really outstanding humdinger of a brunette went by—yes, she would get a reaction too.

If it were an unattractive brunette no one would notice her at all. But if it were an unattractive, but decided, blonde she would still create a noticeable stir.

My point is that a brunette has to be a lot better looking than a blonde in order to get any attention at all. All a blonde has to have is the color of her hair.

Offhand, I can think of only two brunettes in the world whose names are synonymous with feminine beauty and charm.

They are the Durbess of Windsor and Hedy Lamarr.

With the former, it is a matter of personal charm and publicity; more than actual physical beauty; and as for Hedy, she is a floperoo

By A BRUNETTE

when compared to Garbo or Dietrich in the Glamor Girl sweepstakes.

Dolores Del Rio is one of the most beautiful women in pictures, but who would give her a look if Carole Lombard were around? Or even Isa Miranda or Hona Massey?

In the old days there were Theda Bara and Barbara Lamarr and Betty Blythe, but they were the villainesses and always lost their man to a blonde fluffy-duffy.

The most popular actress America has ever had was a blonde—Mary Pickford.

Can anyone imagine Mae West as a brunette?

The only blonde successfully to turn brunette is Joan Bennett.

But there are on record countless brunettes whose change to blonde greatly enhanced their charm and furthered their careers—among them Alice Paye, Ann Sothern, and Grace Moore, none of whom started out as blonde as she is to-day.

I am therefore convinced that every woman owes it to herself to be a blonde once in her life.

Painful puzzle

WHY is it that blondes are more popular when they definitely are no prettier?

It can't be a question of supply and demand, or rareness—because redheads are far more rare than blondes.

It can't be because they suggest innocence—witness their constant recurrence as the synonym for sin in vaudeville and burlesque jokes.

It can't be because of their fragility—because half of them are as fragile as a meat axe.

Just to make it harder, blondes are traditionally colder than brunettes.

So what is it?

First, I will admit that I don't know—unless it is that light attracts more than does shadow.

Then I will go on to say that I believe it to be, possibly, to some extent a matter of publicity.

In the very beginning, in all the children's books, the beautiful young princess has inevitably golden curls and blue eyes.

The angels are blonde. The fairies are blonde. The good little girls are blonde.

Only bad little girls and witches are brunettes.

Goldilocks was a blonde, and so were Snow White and Cinderella.

This was carried over into adult fiction. In the paper-backed novels of the last century the heroine was always a beautiful blonde with violet eyes.

It was the same in magazine fic-



If you want to get your LOCKS EYED, Sister, dunk 'em in Peroxide



For you'll never lack a date if you boast a golden pate.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MISS PAT JARRETT

with Mrs. Casey

INTERESTING job has Miss Pat Jarrett, of Melbourne. She is private secretary to Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of Australia's Minister to Washington, also works in the cipher room at the Australian Legation, and gives talks on Australia in various parts of U.S.A. Like the Caseys, she does most of her travelling by plane.

At present she is helping organise a big sports show in New York, sponsored by all American sporting bodies to aid the British Red Cross.



MR. LEONARD MURRAY

Papuan tradition

CARRYING on the Murray tradition in Papua, the new Administrator, Mr. Leonard Murray, succeeds his uncle, the late Sir Hubert Murray, famous Lieutenant-Governor of Papua.

"I am proud to have the administrative direction of the territory in which I have served a long apprenticeship, and to which I am so much attached," Mr. Murray says.

He plans to develop natural resources in Papua and to better conditions generally for the natives.



DR. MARY PUCKEY

Chief executive

FIRST woman to be appointed chief executive officer in an Australian hospital is Dr. Mary Puckey, of Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children, Sydney.

Since graduating in 1923 she has studied school medical inspection methods in England, and for twelve years was school medical inspector with the South Australian Education Department.



Romance like this is not confined to fiction—it is the natural right of every girl to be born beautiful and how to appear alluring with—most important of all—the irresistible appeal of a skin soft as rose petals. Fortunately is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to help her. Here is a powder delicate as chiffon that gives a smooth, pearl-like finish to the complexion—surrounding this wearer with a delicate, haunting fragrance that comes to seem a very part of one's charm.



ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/4

E.S.27

General Sturdee tells how women could help in Middle East



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL V. A. H. STURDEE, Chief of the Australian General Staff, who has just returned from the Middle East. —Department of Information photo.

Favors picked corps for special welfare work

"In my opinion, Australian women are needed in the Middle East to visit troops in hospitals and entertain them at leave centres and other welfare establishments," said Lieutenant-General Sturdee, Chief of the General Staff, in a special interview with *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

"I do think a few women, not more than fifty for a start, could find plenty of useful work over there," he added. "I don't think the war will be lost if they are not sent, but they could make conditions for troops more pleasant."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STURDEE has just returned to Melbourne after a trip to the Middle East with Army Minister Mr. Spender.

Since the General expressed these views it has been announced that the War Council and War Cabinet will consider the scheme he approved.

In the meantime General Sturdee has had considerable fan mail from women anxious to offer their services.

Some even sent photographs. "It is quite useless for women to write to me about the matter," he went on. "I have nothing to do with it."

"Conditions are very different from the last war. Then Australians on leave from France went to England, and even in Egypt there were many English and Australian women."

"Now an A.I.F. man on leave in the Middle East sees no Australian women, and very few English women."

"The English women who are in

Alexandria and the Greek and Copt families are doing their best to help. "An edict has been issued by the British Government that all women not in jobs must leave Egypt."

"I met several Australians who hastily got jobs to be retained."

"Mrs. Allen, wife of Brigadier Allen, is there but has been doing a useful job in the Censor's office for some time."

Asked if women are needed in canteens, General Sturdee said: "They are not wanted in canteens selling beer and groceries, but could help in running general buffets and hostels, and by visiting hospitals, and writing letters home for sick or wounded men."

"Even a slight wound, if it is in his arm, may prevent a man writing home."

"Many camps are near the sea, and in warm weather every unit goes down for half a day's bathing. A buffet where they could get a cup of tea would be appreciated."

"There are many things like that that women could organise."



"SAY, Dig, what about a d'oyley?"
Dugout tea in Egypt.
Dept. of Information photo.



MRS. A. S. ALLEN, wife of Brigadier Allen and one of the few Australian women in Egypt.

"The women who do go would have to be organised into units. Private individuals could not be controlled so easily."

"They would have to be carefully chosen, and must be people prepared to work, and work hard."

"It all looks very rosy from this distance, but there's hard work ahead for anyone who goes."

The General lifted a letter from his desk.

"This letter asks how the troops are faring for comforts, food, medical attention, and so on," he said. "You might be interested in some of the answers."

"Remember, I was only in the Middle East six days, but I was particularly struck with the bearing and general turnout of troops I actually saw."

"I was pleased to learn from everybody of good relations between the A.I.F. and local inhabitants, both Arabs and Jews. Back in 1914 they used to be either too friendly, or not friendly enough."

"Tell the women of Australia the troops live in very comfortable camps similar to the best hatted camps in Australia."

"Every camp has its recreation hall. I attended a show in a huge brick hangar given by a Jewish

concert party that visits each camp in turn."

"The show they put on for 2000 men was good enough for Melbourne or Sydney. Picture shows and boxing matches are also popular."

"Tell the mothers the troops don't catch cold as easily as they did at home. They've been in the open air so long now that rain, hardship, and lack of a bath don't really worry them much."

"Worst aspect of this war so far has been the natural elements."

"Excellence of staff management and endurance of troops have overcome dust, grime, dirt, and lack of water for washing. There is enough to drink and for cooking, but I believe from Tobruk on the country is better supplied with water."

"On all sides I heard what an excellent job the Comforts Fund is doing in the way of small, personal issues like tobacco and cigarettes, as well as in general facilities like leave hostels."

"As for medical attention, when I was there, there was so little sickness that nurses and doctors at the General Hospitals had plenty of time on their hands."

"Troops are constantly under medical attention. Even when further forward in the lines medical essentials are at hand."

"Every unit of 500 has its own doctor, and every division has its full quota of field ambulances, and every field ambulance has ten doctors."

"And, by the way, wives and mothers might like to know that the area in Palestine where the troops are camped is out of the malarial belt."

"I think the Red Cross could do with some more papers, preferably weeklies and monthlies."

Then . . . "The troops are getting mails much better now, but the airmail is well worth the extra postage. I was there on New Year's Day. Mail just in was dated December 16. Transhipment causes a certain amount of delay to other mails."



HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea. Now VELMOL makes it so easy — so simple — that you can "damp-set" your own hair at home . . . yourself! A "damp-set" with VELMOL works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes — with a few drops of VELMOL — you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls — just as you like them best! First: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. Next: Moisten brush with VELMOL and brush through hair. Now: Arrange hair with fingers and

comb — you'll be delighted with your deep, firm thrilling waves and curls that last for days — yet never "stiff" or "greasy." 2/1 bottle — chemist or store. Ask for Velmol.



DIGGERS playing girls' roles in an A.I.F. concert in the Middle East.

—Department of Information photo.



MRS. JACK PARR, wife of the aircraftman hero of Tobruk.

Tobruk prisoner who just wouldn't 'stay put'

Aircraftman rejoined mates at head of captured Italians

By ALISON PARISH

"Jack's found! He's safe!"

While the wife and mother of Leading-Aircraftman John George Parr were joyously telling this grand news to friends who had heard Jack was missing, further news was coming through that Jack Parr was not only safe but a hero.

The good news followed four days of anguish and suspense. Jack was reported missing, but when Tobruk fell incoming Australians were greeted by "prisoner" Jack at the head of a great band of disarmed Italians.

So to-day two of Australia's happiest women are Mrs. J. G. Parr, of Canterbury, and Mrs. J. G. Parr, jun., of Ascot Vale, Vic.



LEADING-AIRCRAFTSMAN Jack Parr.

Future Australian Mother



Before you can turn round those plaits will be "up"! She will be thinking of a home of her own, taking her place in the peaceful, prosperous Australia of to-morrow.

But to-day, now, is the time for you to make sure that she shall grow graceful and strong and well-formed. She needs food to build straight limbs. Food to give her natural beauty of colouring. Food to nourish her for the time when she passes from child to girl.

Give her Ovaltine.

Give her delicious Ovaltine in milk every single day and she will have the food she needs to grow up the pride of your eye, a true Australian girl.

FOOD FOR MUSCLE, BONE AND NERVES

Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, new laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids, and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains maltose — quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus — to build bone and nerves. Calcium — to

build bone and muscular tone and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur — mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins — to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion, and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.

OVALTINE

HOT OR COLD

is Food and Drink to you

At all chemists and stores—1/9, 2/10, 5/-.

THEY have read every line of cabled reports telling how Leading-Aircraftman Parr was doing air liaison work with an A.I.F. patrol outside Tobruk; how the driver of his truck was killed, and he taken prisoner.

Mothers and wives will know with what anxiety they read of his imprisonment in the police station, and with what pride that on the day Tobruk fell the captive turned captor and rounded up his police guard and Italian soldiers.

Tall, pretty, grey-eyed Mrs. Jack Parr lives with her mother, Mrs. Miller, at Ascot Vale, while her husband is overseas.

She was married only five weeks before he sailed last July.

"Yes, I had only four days to prepare for my wedding. We were engaged, but had no plans for a wedding. Then Jack got his final leave. We decided to be married at once.

"There wasn't time for a wedding dress, so I wore a blue angora frock. The ceremony was at Scots Church, and we had about 50 people at the reception. Then I went to Sydney where Jack was stationed till he sailed.

Bad news!

"I SHALL never forget hearing that Jack was missing. He was taken prisoner on January 14, but we did not hear about it till the 20th. The wire came at lunchtime on Monday.

"Information received your husband, Leading-Aircraftman J. G. Parr, reported missing."

"It was terrible news, and I had to break it to his mother. I spent hours trying to find my brother-in-law to help me.

"We couldn't imagine what had happened. Jack's job was on the ground, but we knew he would be in the air if he got a chance.

"Then on Wednesday I got a letter.

"I had sent him airmail paper and plenty of airmail envelopes on which I had typed my address and his mother's address. This was one of my own envelopes.

Good news!

"I HARDLY dared open it for fear one of his pals had found the envelopes and written to tell me something. But no, it was from Jack.

"The good news came on Friday, at lunchtime, too.

"It began much like the other wire:

"Received news your husband, Leading-Aircraftman J. G. Parr, previously reported missing, has returned to his unit."

"Those last five words were all we wanted to hear.

"Friends were still ringing me up asking, 'Is that Jack who is reported missing?' But now I could answer, 'Yes, but he's found!'

"The papers say that Jack helped to hasten the victory from inside Tobruk by telling the Italians it was useless to resist. Perhaps he did, but somehow I don't think he would be talking about it if he did."

Jack's mother is a tall, dignified Scotswoman.

All her three sons joined up when war came. She thinks they were right to do so.

Jack, at 32, is already a hero

whose name has been cabled round the world.

Alec, also a ground craftsman in the R.A.A.F., is at present stationed in Sydney, and Malcolm would have been overseas with the A.I.F. by now, but for an injury to his leg.

"They are fine boys, all six feet tall and more," said their mother.

"Jack is fair, with hazel eyes. He looks rather serious most of the time, but he is really full of fun.

"He might have had a horrible experience in Tobruk, but I can't imagine him being afraid. Even as a small boy he was absolutely without fear.

"My husband and I came here from Scotland many years ago.

"My husband died 13 months ago, so now I only have my boys.

Rowing cups

THEY are all Australian-born.

Jack was born on a station at Wyalong, but afterwards we lived at Bairnsdale, and he got most of his schooling at Bairnsdale High School and Bairnsdale Technical School.

"He has always been a great rower, and was stroke of the Banks Rowing Club crew. Those are his trophies," she added, indicating several silver cups.

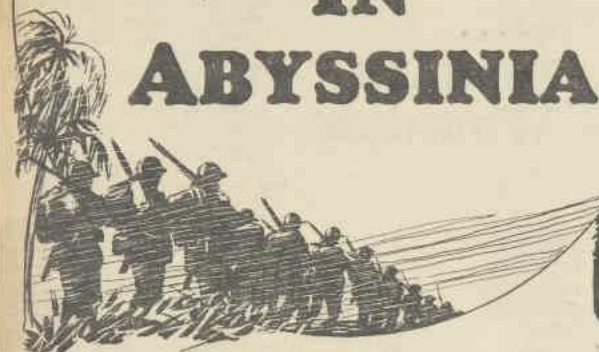
"Yes, Ann and I are happy again. I feel a little exhausted. It is probably a reaction. Remember, last week, we didn't know what news to expect next."



MRS. J. G. PARR, sen., Jack's mother, photographed at home.

Unconventional
strategy wins out in

CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA



YOU could tell that the brigadier didn't think much of us, our attainments in the art of war, our equipment or our possibilities. He was an important man, and he made it clear that we were wasting his time.

We took this meekly aware of our many shortcomings. And we listened to his general orders, issued just before he washed his hands of us and left, as if they had been revealed truth.

"Skirmish," said the brigadier, in sum, "but never engage. You can't hope to win a pitched battle. You have no artillery, no supply train, no reserves and no training worth the name. The best you can hope for is to delay the Italians, and heaven help you if they have the elementary sense to throw out scouting parties!"

"Heaven help you," he repeated, "because there will be no other help. Gentlemen, you have my best wishes, which are flatly opposed to my reasonable expectations."

The brigadier departed, and we scattered in small commands, all along the border where Kenya marches with Abyssinia. That border was our concern, and the brigadier's present despair. We marched away into the back country, and Crashaw, major to my captain, was whistling cheerfully.

The Kenya Volunteers deserved most of the gloomy things the brigadier had said about them. Consider, for example, the ranks Crashaw and I held, on no warrant beyond our obscure service in the last war.

I had remembered nothing that might stand me in stead now. Crashaw buoyantly avowed that the war before this one had taught him only a large disesteem for professional soldiers. His opinion of them, he said, varied inversely as the rank they held, and nothing could have put him in better spirits than the bigwigs we had had from the brigadier.

When we took the road for Lake Rudolf, Crashaw, as I have said, was whistling.

Besides being an old friend, Crashaw is my wife's brother. When Italy came into the war, we left our two plantations in Enid's care. What we had to offer the armed forces was chiefly a knowledge of the country and some familiarity with the ways of the natives.

It was little enough to set against the advantages the Italians held. Abyssinia had been hard for them to subjugate, harder to hold. We knew that their garrisons were in force, well equipped, commanded by colonels of their regular army. They had artillery that put our old mule-back mountain guns to shame. They had reserves, all the auxiliary services and a very great seriousness. They had everything they needed to overwhelm our ragged and insufficient patrols.

But Crashaw went forth to battle

whistling. As his subordinate, I should have tolerated this flippancy. As his brother-in-law, I deplored it, aloud and sharply.

Crashaw only grinned at me. This was after we had begun patrolling our beat, a stretch of wild, hilly country between Lake Rudolf and Lake Stefanie.

It wasn't hardship but anxiety that made me speak out. We hadn't seen a single Italian, and I was worried. So was Briggs, our sergeant-major and factotum. So was everyone but Crashaw, who might have been out on nothing more serious than a hunting trip.

"Why should I go about with a long face?" Crashaw demanded now. "Why should we worry, when the Italians are willing to do it for us? You mark my words, they'll stand on the defensive! If we want a fight with them, we'll have to go and pick it."

"With their superiority? Why on earth—?"

"The military mind, my boy! You try moving a heavy column through country like this, and you'll see what those gold-braided colonels are up against. They'll stick to their parade-ground formations, if it kills them."

They'll have—anything according to the manuals, not according to Africa. Bear in mind that we're dealing with products of staff colleges.

"I've heard you on the subject before. It's a comfortable theory. But the Italians have been out here for several years now. If they haven't learned something about effective campaigning—"

"They haven't; rely upon that! It isn't only that they came out with brains already well-ossified. Besides that, they've had to contend with a crowd of natives that could give points to the Fuzzy-Wuzzies and the head-hunting cannibals. It's true that the Italians took Abyssinia, but only to be besieged in it. The fighting has never stopped. They hold the villages, but they don't dare venture beyond them. And if you think that doesn't do things to the mentality of troops in garrison—"

"All very neat and convincing! But suppose the Italians don't admit the disabilities you've loaded on them? Suppose you're wrong, and that some gold-braided colonel, ossified or otherwise, piles into us with five hundred veterans of native warfare! Then what?"

"You anticipate," said Crashaw mildly. "Have faith and have patience. This campaign has only begun."

"It isn't the beginning that worries me, but the end. Remember what the brigadier told us."

Crashaw chuckled. "I'm glad you reminded me of him. Good old brigadier!"

Counting Crashaw, Briggs and myself, our patrol numbered exactly



Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

The prisoner's mouth opened in a shrill yammer of terror as they dragged him up before Major Crashaw.

forty-three. The forty were natives, those engaging hangers-on that every Kenya planter knows. At the best, they can be coerced into cattle herding. But mostly, in time of peace, they loaf and play a game like a very simple form of checkers and let their womenfolk work.

As hunters, they are peerless. They endure fatigue and hunger without a murmur; they slip through the densest thicket like shadows and they are famous marksmen. Best of all, they live off the country, having an exact knowledge of game and of water-holes. They make no fine distinctions, and to them a campaign against Italians presented itself as merely a longer and more elaborate hunting trip, in which each man had the supreme felicity of a rifle of his own.

Now, for our purposes, these qualities of theirs were all to the good. But we had only forty men, and no way of replacing our very probable losses. We couldn't trust the natives with our screw guns, and discipline was not so much distasteful to them as incomprehensible. They would follow where we led, and they were brave enough. But, out of our sight, they would fight each man as it seemed best to him, with no sort of order or contact.

With this ragged handful, we had to cover an area the size of several counties, protect its borders against attack, beat off an enemy many times our superior, and, in general, do the work of a division.

But Crashaw grinned. "We'll

prowl a bit, until we see how things are. Then we'll improvise, and that's something the Italians won't do. I want to find a job for the men as soon as I can. They might lose interest, otherwise, and go off home. You know what natives are like."

I did, and it was in the forefront of my worries. Natives need excitement. Give them nothing but one day's march after another, and they would melt away, taking their rifles with them.

I had observed that all our movements tended to take us nearer a place called Sadwa, just over the border, in Abyssinia. I had known Sadwa fairly well before the Italians took it and built a fort there.

Please turn to page 32.



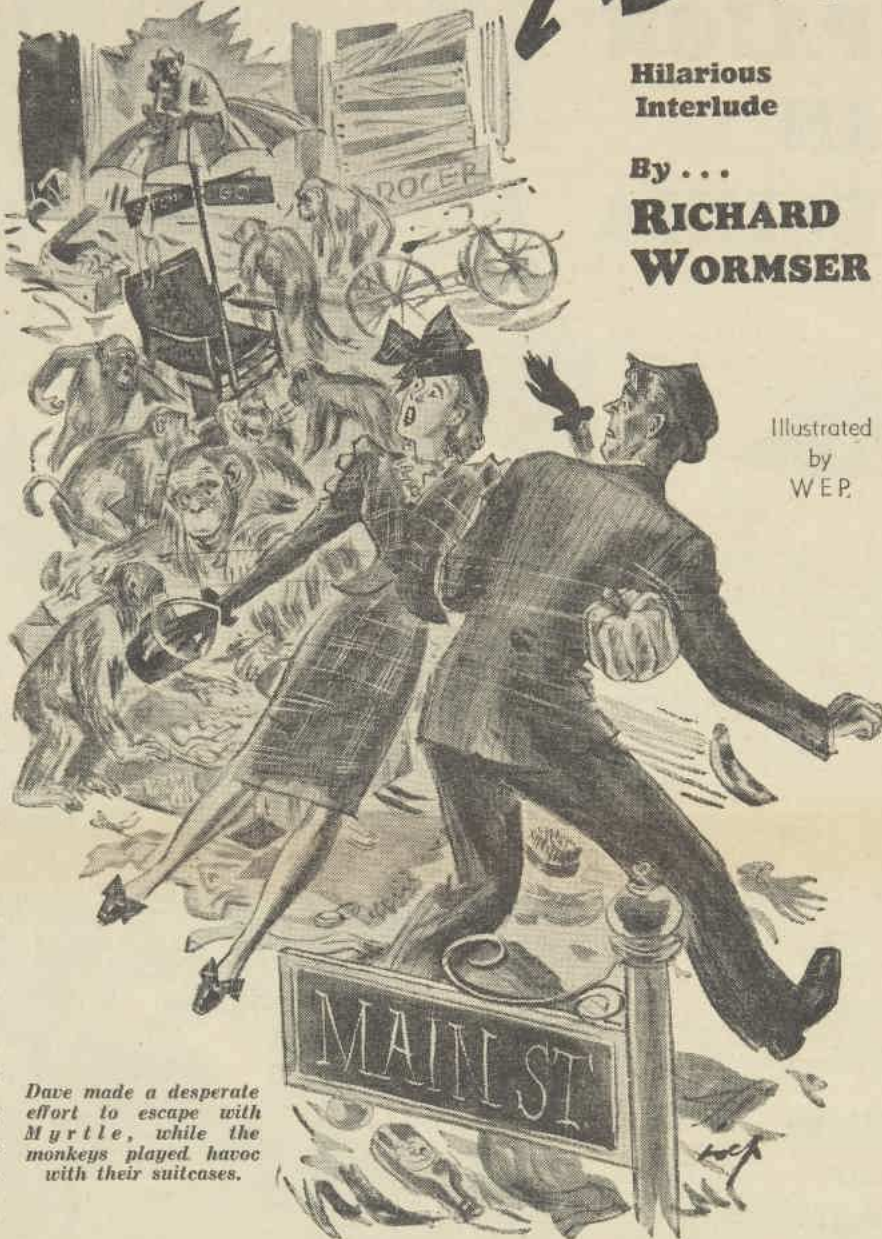
Monkey Business

Hilarious
Interlude

By ...

**RICHARD
WORMSER**

Illustrated
by
W.E.P.



Dave made a desperate effort to escape with Myrtle, while the monkeys played havoc with their suitcases.

WHEN he first got on the train in Kansas City, Dave McNally hoped no one would recognise him. It was a bore always to be asked for your autograph, to have little girls look at you wide-eyed and want to hear about your adventures in the jungle.

After he had drunk his second highball in the crowded car, he began to wonder what kind of idiots his fellow-passengers were that they didn't know him.

As he tinkled the ice in the bottom of the third glass, he decided that the girl in the cute little Scotch outfit ought to know who he was. He raised a finger for the porter.

The colored man scurried up the aisle, with the peculiar shuffle of men who spend much time on fast trains. "Yas, suh, bourbon and soda."

McNally said: "Not yet. Tell the conductor I want to see him. Mr. McNally."

The porter looked dubious. "Conductor mighty busy man, suh. He—"

"Mr. Dave McNally!" "Yeah, yas, suh." The porter did his streamlined shuffle towards the front of the train.

Out of the corner of his eye, McNally saw that the little brunette was unimpressed. Maybe he'd better stick to drinking. . . . No. He was stuck at home for the duration of the European war, stuck to trains and planes, and living in cities. Stuck to all the things he disliked, and if he added drinking which he had always liked too much—the end of hostilities abroad would find him an alcoholic wreck.

Which would mean that he would never put to sea again on some improbable freighter bound for an impossible corner of the earth to bring back an incredible cargo of animals or freaks to astound the circus and zoological world.

At any rate, he had impressed the porter. From the look of that dark face, the conductor's reception of McNally's message had been sufficiently servile; the conductor himself, cap in hand, was hurrying behind the steward. "Yes, Mr. McNally. Everything all right, I hope?"

"Sure," McNally said. "I was just wondering. Is there any way we could get a wire from the Delta Railroad about my cars? I don't want them to be late at Hopkins. You only lay over there fifteen minutes, according to your timetable here." Dave McNally tapped a pocket, "and if they're late—"

ILL hook a message off at the next station we go through," the conductor said. "You're right, Mr. McNally. They're supposed to be there an hour ahead of us, but the Delta—" He rolled up his eyes to show how inferior the small Delta Railroad was to his own magnificent employers.

"Good," McNally said, a little lamely. "And be sure the day coach goes ahead of the animal car." "Yes, sir, but it's unusual, Mr. McNally. We usually put the performers' car second, so as to enable the people to come back into the train for meals and so—"

"That's the idea. I want them to pass through the animal car each time so if anything's wrong with the stock they'll see it."

"Ye, Mr. McNally." The conductor glided away. The porter lingered. "Another highball, Mr. McNally?" "I hate drinking alone," McNally lied. He had been watching the plaided girl out of the corner of his eye. She hadn't missed a word of the conference.

McNally looked at her directly, and she looked away quickly. He leaned forward, "Won't you join me?"

She started convincingly. Something about the little jump worried McNally; he'd seen it before. He— But it was too late. She turned and smiled. "I'll have a lemonade, please." The porter went away and McNally changed seats to be next to the girl.

The deep blue eyes she turned up to him were unfamiliar. His first fear, that he had recrossed an earlier trail, died. Then she smiled, and the smile was familiar, and—

"Going far?" he asked. "Hollywood," she said. "Hollywood, California."

"You couldn't go much farther," McNally told her, "without getting your feet wet."

"What?" Oh, she said in a too-familiar, childish voice, "you mean because of the Pacific Ocean."

This, McNally, is what you get for picking up girls on trains. At your age. "That's right, Gracie," he said.

"My name's Myrtle," she told him. "Myrtle Burbank. Isn't it a pretty name?"

"With all the world to choose from you should have got a pretty one," McNally told her. "You're going to try and crash Hollywood, huh?"

"Why, how did you know?"

He said: "Well, the Myrna Loy startle had me puzzled. The Miriam Hopkins smile started me thinking. But the Gracie Allen voice told me. Good luck." Gulping his drink he started to rise. But Myrtle Burbank caught his arm.

"Don't go," she said. "You're in show business too, aren't you?"

"Too!" McNally gulped. "Yes. I'm in show business. Dave McNally."

"Now, don't tell me. Let me guess. Were you Gary Cooper's friend in—"

"I am not an actor," McNally said between clenched teeth. "I am the biggest collector of novelties in the business. Over the last five years I have brought back to this country nearly as many wild animals as Frank Buck. In addition, I have acquired and put on the circuits forty-two trained animal acts—including Thurston, the Gorilla Magician; the Harmonising Cats of Siam; Lionel, the Laughable Lion, and numerous other headliners."

On the side I have rounded up nearly two dozen novelty human acts, which include whole native villages for world's fairs."

"Oh, my," said Miss Myrtle Burbank. "How glamorous. Do you sell things to the movies?"

"Yes. Both direct and through the animal ranches around Hollywood. But now I have to be going to—"

He tried to disengage his arm, and then, looking at her face, realised what he had said. Oh, grief in the early dawn. He had told a stage-struck girl that he had movie connections. He had cut his own throat, properly.

That cold light in her eye was not borrowed from Garbo or Dietrich. It was pure Burbank. "Are you going to Hollywood now?" she asked.

McNally said: "No." He was glad he could be truthful. "I am on my way to pick up a Chinese dog and pony show I own. The manager

had an appendix attack and I'm going to manage it myself till he gets back. I pick up my show at Hopkins, Kansas, to-night, and take it down to Oklahoma City. I get off there. So you see I have a lot to do. Good-night, Miss Burbank, and I hope you make good in—"

"Can't I help you?" she asked. "I'm a good secretary and stenographer."

"I need no help." He got away from her, and, though it was only eight o'clock in the evening he had his car porter make up his berth.

When the hand groped through the curtains and shook his shoulder, McNally's first move was for the revolver under his pillow. Then he remembered where he was, caught the hand, and said: "All right, I'm awake. What is it?"

"Telegram, Misteh McNally."

He fumbled a quarter out of the trousers hanging near his head, shoved it through the curtains, and got the yellow envelope. He switched on the reading light, punching a pillow under his shoulders so as to sit up straighter. He felt a little sick, probably from sleeping in the conditioned air—

It was from Jake Loeb, his agent. Change of booking, probably—

Then he read it, and nearly screamed, though he was not a hysterical man.

Drunken roustabout opened

cages monkey caravan in Cottons-ville Missouri. Monkeys and lawyers all over town. Monkeys biting rubes scaring women wrecking things Lawyers suing me which means you, too. Go there do something or wire me Jake Loeb and I grab airplane for Alaska hide twenty years You better hurry too. Hurry, oh my — Hurry.

(*Deleted according to regulations governing profanity in telegrams.)

McNally lay back and clenched his fists. He had put together the Monkey Caravan. Two hundred monkeys, some performers and some just menagerie, that travelled around and played for a flat quarter admission. He owned forty per cent. of it, Jake forty, and they had given twenty to the man who put up the money for the equipment.

Say Cottons-ville, Missouri, had five thousand inhabitants, and each one sued for five thousand dollars, a reasonable sum for being bitten by a monkey. Five times five is twenty-five, and add six zeros. It was either twenty-five million dollars or two hundred and fifty million dollars, and who cared? It was too much money.

He pulled on trousers over his pyjamas, shrugged into a bathrobe, thrust his feet into his shoes. He went into the men's washroom of his car. The porter was shining shoes. "Porter, you know where Cottons-ville, Missouri, is?"

YOU kin git the Frisco Line to about ten miles from there, or git off at Ewington. En you takes the E.C. & J.—she's a narrow gauge—"

"I have to get there in a hurry." "Yes, suh, I sees you do, yes, suh."

"How about aeroplanes?"

"I don't know nothin' about them things, boss. I'm a railroader."

"Tell the conductor I want to see him right away."

"He'll be up foward in a club car." "O.K." McNally went storming up through the train. Two hundred monkeys working reasonably long hours—and a monkey on the loose does not respect union hours—ought to be able to bite—say—five people an hour, per monkey, a hundred people a day times two hundred monkeys is—four zeros—four thousand and people. That should be a good average.

Of course, lots of monkeys don't bite at all. But, on the other hand, a good, vicious monkey encountering a large gathering—say a Parent Teacher's Association—could make up for a round dozen or more of non-active monkeys. Say the population of Cottons-ville was five thousand, in forty-eight hours everyone would be bitten one and three-eighths times, or was it—

"You're going nuts, McNally," he said. "Cut it out." He pushed open the door of the car and stormed in. The conductor had obviously been asleep in a lounge at the end of the car. He opened his eyes and blinked. McNally barked: "I want to get off this train. Right away."

The conductor struggled up from oblivion. "Oh, Mr. McNally. Why, it isn't time to make Hopkins yet. I'm on the job, Mr. McNally, I'll call you in plenty."

"I'm not going to Hopkins. I have to go to Cottons-ville, Missouri, at—"

"Cottons-ville?" said a voice in the distance. "Why, that's right near where I live; my Aunt Barry lives there; I've visited her a score of—"

He turned a bankrupt head in the direction of the voice. "Is there an airport there? I have to get there right away." He waved the telegram.

"There certainly is. Why, Cottons-ville's a big town, nearly eight thousand people there and—"

Wasn't eight thousand the number he had decided the monkeys could bite an hour or something? "Conductor, it's very important that I get off at the next airport. Where would that be?"

"Airport over in Wichita," the conductor said. "Let you off right up ahead here, and you can get a car to drive you over. No trouble I hope, Mr. McNally."

Please turn to page 14

**Peter Wimsey,
ace of amateur
sleuths, tackles a
very knotty
problem.**

IN THE TEETH OF THE EVIDENCE

WELL, old son," said Mr. Lamplough, "and what can we do for you to-day?" "Oh, some of your whizz-bang business I suppose," said Lord Peter Wimsey, seating himself reventfully in the green velvet torture-chair and making a face in the direction of the drill. "Jolly old left-hand upper grinder come to bits on me."

"Yes?" said Mr. Lamplough, soothingly. He drew an electric quib, complete with mirror, as though by magic out of a contraption on Lord Peter's left. His manner hovered between the professional and the friendly, for he was an old Winchester man, and a member of one of Wimsey's clubs, and had frequently met him on the cricket field in the days of their youth. "Well, we'll have a look at it. Ah!"

"Don't say, 'Ah!' like that, as if you were gloating over it! Just carve it out and stop it up and be hanged to you. And, by the way, what have you been up to? Why should I meet an inspector of police on your doorstep? You needn't pretend he came to have his bridge-work attended to, because I saw his sergeant waiting for him outside."

"Well, it was rather curious," said Mr. Lamplough, gagging his friend with a dexterous movement of the hand. "I suppose I oughtn't to tell you, but if I don't you'll get it out of your friends at Scotland Yard. They wanted to see my predecessor's books. Possibly you noticed that bit in the papers about a dental man being found dead in a blazing garage on Wimbledon Common?"

"Yonk—ugh?" said Lord Peter Wimsey.

"Last night," said Mr. Lamplough, "Popped off about nine pipemins, and it took three hours to put it out. One of those wooden garages—and the big job was to keep the blaze away from the house. Fortunately it's at the end of the row, with nobody at home. Apparently this man Prendergast was all alone there—just going off for a holiday or something—and he contrived to set himself and his car and his garage alight last night and was burnt to death. In fact, when they found him he was so badly charred that they couldn't be sure it was he. So, being sticklers for routine, they had a look at his teeth."

"Oh, yes?" said Wimsey, watching Mr. Lamplough fitting a new

drill into its socket. "Didn't anybody have a go at putting the fire out?"

"Oh, yes—but as it was a wooden shed full of petrol it simply went up like a bonfire. As a matter of fact, they seem to think it might just possibly have been suicide. The man was married, with three children."

Whizz, gr-r-r, buzz, gr-r-r, whizz.

"His family's down at Worthing, staying with his mother-in-law or something. Tell me if I hurt you." Gr-r-r. "And I don't suppose he was doing any too well. Still, of course, he may easily have had an accident when filling up. I gather he was starting off that night to join them."

"A-ow—oo—oo—uh—ih—lp?" inquired Wimsey naturally enough.

"**H**ow do I come into it?" said Mr. Lamplough, who, from long experience, was expert in the interpretation of mumbings. "Well, only because the chap whose practice I took over here did this fellow Prendergast's dental work for him. He died, but left his books behind him for my guidance, in case any of his old patients should feel inclined to trust me." Gr-r-r, whizz.

"I'm sorry. Did you feel that? As a matter of fact, some of them actually do. I suppose it's an instinct to trundle round to the same old place when you're in pain, like the dying elephants. Will you rinse, please?"

"I see," said Wimsey, when he had duly obliged. "And are Prendergast's teeth all right?"

"Haven't had time to hunt through the ledger, yet, but I've said I'll go down to have a look at them as soon as I've finished with you. It's my lunch-time anyway. A little wider if you can manage it." Gr-r-r.

"Yes, that's very nice. Now we can dress that and put in a temporary. Rinse please. Thank you. Only a little longer now. There! You may get down. When would you like to come in again?"

"Don't be silly, old horse," said Wimsey. "I am coming out to Wimbledon with you straight away. You'll get there twice as fast if I drive you. I've never had a death-in-blazing-garage before, and I want to learn."

Wimsey, having put himself on terms of mutual confidence and

At a sign from the inspector, a policeman took up his stand behind Mrs. Prendergast.

esteem with the officials at the police station, thoughtfully turned over the little pile of blackened odds and ends that represented the contents of Mr. Prendergast's pockets. There was nothing remarkable about them. The leather note-case still held the remains of a thickish wad of notes—doubtless cash in hand for the holiday at Worthing. The handsome gold watch had stopped at seven minutes past nine.

Wimsey remarked on its state of preservation, for the man himself had been burnt beyond recognition. Sheltered between the left arm and the body—that seemed to be the explanation.

"Looks as though the first sudden blaze had regularly overcome him," said the police inspector. "He evidently made no attempt to get out. He'd simply fallen forward over the wheel, with his head on the dashboard. I'll show you the remains of the car presently if you're interested, my lord. If the other gentleman is ready we may as well get through in here first."

Mr. Lamplough set to work on his grim task, while the police surgeon checked entries in the ledger. Mr.

point of contact; right upper incisor crowned—that all right?"

"I expect so," said Mr. Lamplough, "except that the right upper incisor seems to be missing altogether, but possibly the crown came loose and fell out."

"We may find the crown in the garage," suggested the inspector.

"Fused porcelain filling in left upper canine," went on the surgeon. "Amalgam fillings in left upper first bicuspid and lower second bicuspid and left lower thirteen-year-old molar. That seems to be all. No teeth missing and no artificial. How old was this man, Inspector?"

"About forty-five."

"My age. I only wish I had as good a set of teeth," said the surgeon. Mr. Lamplough agreed with him.

"Then I take it this is Mr. Prendergast all right," said the inspector.

"Not a doubt of it, I should say," replied Mr. Lamplough, "though I should like to find that missing crown."

"We'd better go round to the house, then," said the inspector. "Well, yes, thank you, my lord, I

By Dorothy Sayers

Prendergast had a dental history extending back over ten years in the ledger, and had already had two or three fillings done before that time. These had been noted at the time when he first came to Mr. Lamplough's predecessor.

At the end of a long examination the surgeon looked up from the notes he had been making.

"Well, now," he said, "let's check that again. Allowing for renewal of old work, I think we've got a pretty accurate picture of the present state of his mouth. There ought to be nine fillings in all. Small amalgam filling in right lower back molar; amalgam fillings in right upper first and second bicuspid; at

shouldn't mind a lift. Well, the only point now is whether it was accident or suicide. Round to the right, my lord, and then second on the left."

"A bit out of the way for a dental man," observed Mr. Lamplough, as they emerged upon some scattered houses near the Common.

The Inspector made a grimace.

"I thought the same, sir, but it appears Mrs. Prendergast persuaded him to come here. So good for the children. Not so good for the practice, though. If you ask me, I should say Mrs. P. was the biggest argument we have for suicide. Here we are."

The last sentence was scarcely

necessary. There was a little crowd about the gate of a small detached villa at the end of a row of similar houses. The Inspector pushed through the gate with his companions, pursued by the comments of the bystanders.

"That's the Inspector—that's Dr. Maggs—that'll be another doctor, him with the little bag who's that bloke? Looks a proper nobleman, don't he, Florrie? Why he'll be the insurance bloke. Cool! look at his grand car—that's where the money goes."

Wimsey gagged indecorously all the way up the garden path. The sight of the skeleton car amid the sodden and fire-blackened remains of the garage sobered him. Two police constables, crouched over the ruin with a sieve, stood up and saluted.

"How are you getting on, Jenkins?"

"Haven't got anything very much yet, sir, but an ivory cigarette-holder. This gentleman"—indicating a stout, bald man in spectacles, who was squatting among the damaged coach-work, "is Mr. Tolley, from the motor-works, come with a note from the Superintendent, sir."

"Ah, yes. Can you give any opinion about this Mr. Tolley? Dr. Maggs you know. Mr. Lamplough, Lord Peter Wimsey. By the way, Jenkins, Mr. Lamplough has been going into the deceased dentist's, and he's looking for a lost tooth. You might see if you can find it. Now, Mr. Tolley?"

"Can't see much doubt about how it happened," said Mr. Tolley. "Regular death-traps, these little saloons, when anything goes wrong unexpectedly. There's a front tank, you see, and it looks as though there might have been a bit of a leak behind the dash somewhere. Possibly the seam of the tank had got strained a bit, or the union had come loose. It's loose now, as a matter of fact, but that's not unusual after a fire. You can get quite a lot of slow dripping from a damaged tank or pipe, and there seems to have been a coconut mat round the controls, which would prevent you from noticing."

Please turn to page 28

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



ENEMY SIGHTED

Their little strength against the foe's grim might! . . . Beginning a stirring new serial of sea warfare.

The submarine accelerated to her best speed, following in the cruiser's wake.

THE Indian Ocean simmered like a witch's cauldron. Out of the brassy sky the sun poured down its intolerable heat. It sucked up the water out of the sea. It sucked up the moisture out of the bones of men.

The submarine Petard rolled lazily in the greasy swell. The sea sighed and sloshed in the superstructure. The submarine rolled and waited, waited and rolled.

A mile to the southward the light cruiser Perseus also rolled and waited. The two ships forged slowly ahead at a scant five knots. For two and a half months the cruiser and the submarine had waited.

At fortnightly intervals the Petard pulled up close to the Perseus and a boat came over with fresh provisions. Sometimes the fuel hoses were rigged between the two and the submarine drank Diesel fuel greedily from the cruiser. The rest was sheer monotony.

The sun was hours past the meridian, but it still beat down upon the water, reflecting back a blinding glare. On board the submarine Lieutenant-Commander Howe, the commanding officer, and Lieutenant Jordan, his navigating officer, surveyed the blue sea through the protective lenses of colored glasses.

The open bridge afforded no protection from the sun. The burning rays bounced off the glassy surface of the sea and reflected on the green undersurface of their sun helmets and burned to a still deeper brown their already tanned and weathered faces. Despite the film of grease with which they protected them, their lips were cracked and sore with sunburn.

"Captain," said Lieutenant Jordan, "if I had realised a month ago that we would still be here, wallowing up and down in the Indian Ocean, in this heat, I think I would have been ready to jump over the side."

"It has been a tough go, all right," the captain replied. "They also serve who only stand and wait," I

suppose, but it seems rather futile sometimes, doesn't it?"

The skipper leaned with his bare arm against the hot bridge rail. The burned blonde hairs on his forearms stood out in bold relief against the tanned skin.

The quartermaster kept his eyes glued to the compass. The ship had little more than steerage-way and she responded slowly to the rudder. The radio electrician had given the quartermaster an amateurish haircut only that morning. The whitish crescent at the back of his neck was now slowly burning to an angry red.

"How much longer do you think they will keep us out here?" Jordan asked.

"Your information is as good as mine," the captain replied. "Another two and a half months, perhaps. What's the odds? If you were on a ship operating in

the north, now, you might have a little difficulty considering such duty as this is a hardship."

"It can't be any worse than this," Jordan protested. "Too hot to stay below and the sun burning you to a crisp topside. Everything there is to be done on board we have done over and over again for a thousand times. Climbing the ladder up to the bridge is about the only exercise I've had in so long now I can't remember."

"If you were making port with three inches of ice on your decks you would probably pray for a little of this heat," the captain argued. "You probably could stand a little boredom, too, after a patrol dodging minefields and nets."

"I don't believe I would be able

to hold out for another two months and still keep sane," Jordan remarked.

"The best plan is to forget about time past and time to come," the captain suggested. "Take each day as it comes and don't let the next one bother you until it arrives. Anyway, no one requires us to keep sane as long as we are Johnny-on-the-spot when something breaks loose."

For all his good advice, life on board the submarine was as irksome for the captain as it was for anybody else. In the close confines of the submarine everyone was constantly under the observation of his shipmates. Little mannerisms that ordinarily passed unnoticed developed into annoying habits. Each individual had acquired new

aim. When that was finished the Petard submerged and made a practice approach on the cruiser as she steamed by at high speed. Neither exercise any longer held any element of novelty or surprise.

"My guess is that Intelligence has gone off half cocked again and that nothing will break loose," Jordan sighed. "I could stand it if I felt that there was anything more to this than just slogging up and down again."

"Don't you worry about that," the captain countered. "Not with 'Red' Blair up there in the Perseus. Lightning always strikes somewhere close to that old sundowner."

On board the Perseus conditions were a little better. Among the

five hundred and fifty men in her crew there was some chance of a change of personal contacts. Her decks afforded a limited opportunity to get about. The routine enforced upon her people was more varied.

Once during the past month she had made the run into Colombo to refuel and reprovision. Even so, monotony colored their lives and tempers were short. No one on board the cruiser had a shorter temper than Captain "Red" Blair, her commanding officer.

As the sun sank lower he paced up and down the bridge. He was a big man with the carrot red hair that had given him the nickname he had carried since his midshipman days. He was cursed with that light complexion with which the sun raises so much havoc and despite the protection of the bridge awning his face had now been burned a beet red. It gave him the appear-

ance of nursing a continuously suppressed rage.

On the port bridge wing the officer of the deck braced himself against the slow roll of the ship. Occasionally he lifted his binoculars to his eyes and swept the horizon.

The quartermaster steadfastly regarded the compass and now and then gave the wheel a little flip this way or that to keep the lubber's line glued to the compass mark.

The engine annunciator men stood at easy attention. Two signalmen lounged against the flag bag. Above them the empty signal halyards slatted idly as the ship rolled.

The officer of the deck glanced anxiously aloft to assure himself that the lookouts were attentive. In a few minutes now his relief would come clattering up the ladder. It had been a peaceful watch, but a moment's inattention on anyone's part would bring down about his ears the scornful wrath of the captain. He had no wish to test the extent of the old man's vocabulary in the closing minutes of the watch.

The navigator stepped out of the chart-house, sextant in hand, to take his afternoon sun-sights.

"At least we can be thankful for fine weather," he said pleasantly to Captain Blair.

"I'll be hanged if I can see anything pleasant about this heat," the captain retorted. "I'd be thankful for a stiff breeze and a little cold rain."

The navigator grinned and continued on his way to the starboard wing of the bridge. If the old man was in that mood it would be best to leave him alone.

Captain Blair continued his walk up and down the bridge. It commenced to look as though everyone's calculations had gone astray. Perhaps that was the best thing that could happen, he reflected bitterly, but it was annoying to spend two or three months on a wild-goose chase.

Please turn to page 36

By ALEC HUDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL

idiosyncrasies and these in turn became just as intolerable to his shipmates.

Long ago everything interesting that anyone had to say had been said. Long ago the custom of a nightly wardroom bridge game had died from lack of interest. Everything readable had been read. The sun beating down on the thick steel hull made the bunks below too hot to lie on.

Each morning the two ships separated until the Petard was just visible from the Perseus. The cruiser then trained out her guns and went through a listless gun drill, using the submarine as a point of

FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 8, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

SWEATERS .. DRAPES .. FLOUNCES



• The simply-moulded sweater-top achieves fashion heights for formal day wear and informal evenings. The day frock is in sheerest cyclamen wool, with a full skirt disciplined by a long, slender-fitting top. The evening gown is done in jersey with flattering "cover-up" top.

• The exotic "bandaged" hip-line makes a dramatic appearance in the fashion news. It is interpreted always in fabrics that hang in divinely-rich and heavy folds. By day—pastel-blue sheer wool, and the glamorous evening frock is done in green crepe jersey.

• The flounced silhouette is stealing quite a lot of limelight. The frock is made on sleek, poured-in lines, without the slightest suggestion of adornment, and it is edged with a wide and full-as-possible flounce. For daytime it's pastel-green crepe, and by night cerise taffeta.



• Photographs by Clipper mail from New York.



DRAMA ... in BLACK

"Oh, kiss me goodnight Sergeant Lee,"
Said the Private just back from a spree—
"I'll dream of my sweet
And her ankles so neat,
Kayser Hosiery are 'a fine cup of tea.'"

Definitely I'M A
ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!

"There's something about a soldier!"—
And the soldier's girl friend too, in her glamorous Kayser "Mir-o-kleer" stockings! To choose Kayser's new "Patriotone" colours is a clever compliment to your escort from the Fighting Forces! 'Emblem', 'Banner' and 'Loyalty'—three subtle stocking shades exclusive to Kayser, are the passwords to autumn smartness.

I
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ON

KAYSER

MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY—MADE IN AUST

See KAYSER'S New "Patriotones"—
'EMBLEM', 'BANNER', 'LOYALTY', and others.

11X
Pure Silk Mir-O-
Kleer dull Sheer
with deep lace
well.
6"n
Other lovely
Kayser Stockings,
4"n to 9"n



• A drama-giving frock with shirred yoke, bracelet sleeves and back in black sheer wool, and the front in banana-beige featuring a clever twisted girdle effect. Try it for the races, for a cocktail party, or any time you want to look sensational. (Top left)

★

• A swing-skirted frock in black silk crepe with royal-blue and white printed silk swathed round the neck, criss-crossing over the front bodice and ending in a casual bow at the back. It's equally suitable for formal afternoon occasions, or for shopping in town. An idea for renovation, too. (Above.)

Soignée

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and how to set it...



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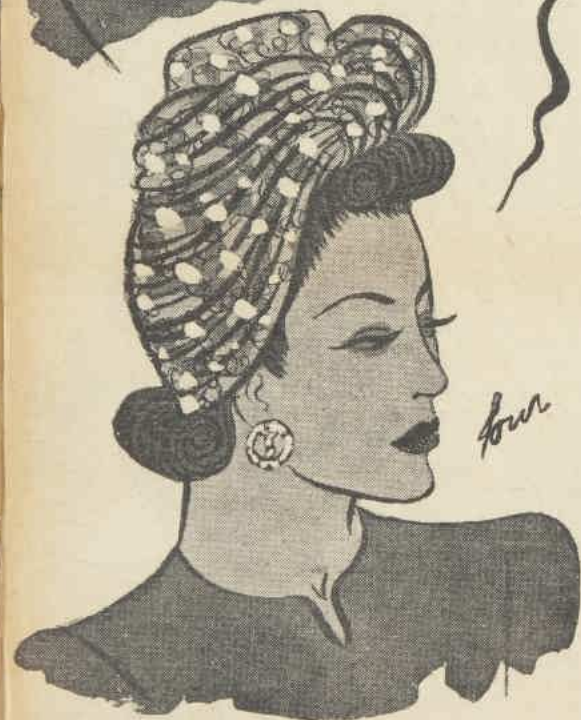
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novelties
in bags and
turbans

Sketched
by
Petrov



1. Exotic headgear in white wool trimmed with colored felt flowers and gold stitching.

□ □ □

2. Felt-flower turban in white, with black velvet facing the petals.

□ □ □

3. Inspired by an old-fashioned smoking-cap, a turban with an adjustable flowered crown.

□ □ □

4. Persian turban of silk crepe in vivid bazaar colors draped round a stiff round crown.

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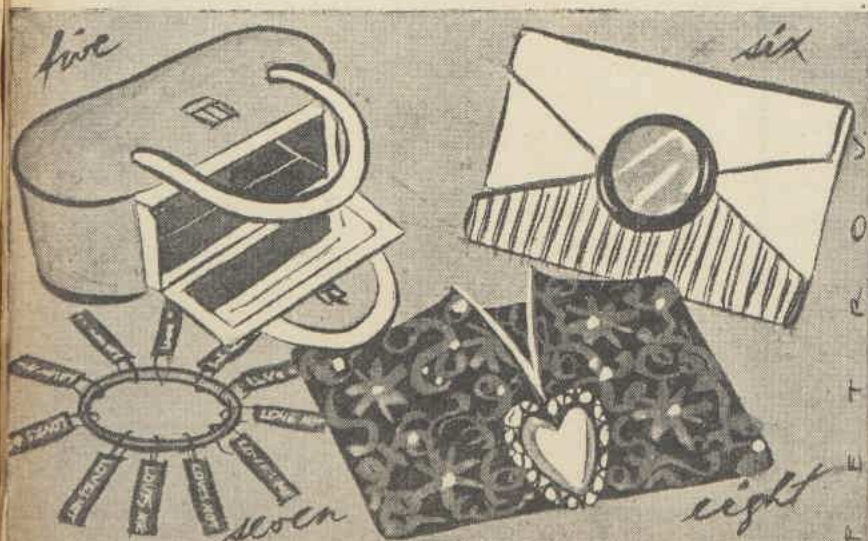
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5. Kelly-green suede makes a smart, capacious bag.

6. Flat bag of red suede, with gold clasp and ribbed tucking.

7. Amusing "he loves me, he loves me not" wooden bracelet.

8. Black-and-gold brocade bag with a matrix turquoise heart.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2073.—Smart day frock with yoke and wide waistband. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2074.—Simple floral frock, swing-skirted, with Peter Pan collar. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2075.—Dimidi skirt and blouse, charming for holiday wear. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse, and 2yds., 36ins. wide, for skirt, ½yd. for waistband. Pattern, 1/7.

F2076.—Trim shirtmaker frock, just the thing for business wear. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2077.—Pleated skirt panel and trim pockets distinguish this useful frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2078.—Gay cotton beach frock, buttoned in front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2079.—Jacket suit in plain and floral cotton or silk. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide, floral, and 2½yds. plain. Pattern, 1/7.

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SIZE Pattern Coupon, 8/2/41.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

"A small affair"...

"ONLY a small affair," Pat Donohoe and John Julian tell me of their wedding at St. Mary's... but when I arrive I find 150 guests. Seems that most of Yass and surrounding districts have come to town... Julians, Garrys, Brownes, and Shines are everywhere.

Three floors of Usher's Hotel booked for reception... guests assemble on first floor, the Blue Room for cocktails, and then dining-room for cheery luncheon party.

Bride says she arrives at cathedral almost nervous wreck... bridal gown arrived only an hour before ceremony. Matrons of honor, Mrs. Kevin Fagan and Mrs. Carroll Lysaght, also dress in tearing hurry, then find they're in wrong frocks.

Smart guests... Marie Coen in all-white, her young sister Patricia (just left school) pretty in pale grey and white, Nuala Browne sporting widest-brimmed hat. All in grey... Marie Ryan, Mrs. Norman Meacle, Judith Barker.

Stop Press: See Marie Coen still celebrating twelve hours later... dancing at Romano's.

Date to remember...

TAKE note of February 14... date for evening party at Anne Hill's Darling Point home. Drop in at sewing bee at Anne's home on Thursday, and find Henrietta Loder and others of Victoria League's Young Contingent discussing entertainment, which will include tripoli, cards, dancing, and other good fare.

Party is to Geiray exes, of grand Easter Week "do," which Younger Set is already planning. Henrietta is president, Lois Graham acting-secretary for Margaret Adams, who is away in the country. Other committee members are Dorothea Darvall, Elizabeth Thomson, Helen Shirley, Helena Teece, Beth Brown Craig.

Very industrious, this Young Contingent. They meet every Thursday at a different member's home, and make children's clothes to send to England. Almost 200 articles have been made since they began a few months ago.

Golden wedding...

GRAND family gathering at Bickley, the Ross Nott home at Strathfield, this Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Ross Nott are celebrating their golden wedding, and all members of family living in other States have come to Sydney specially for occasion.

From Melbourne the Ted Cowpers and daughter Joan; from Brisbane the Eric Eric Smiths and the junior Ross Notts; and Mr. and Mrs. Stokes Hughes, from Malaya, will also add their congratulations.

Did you know?...

DOUBLE event this Wednesday for young Peter McWilliam, son and heir of the Bruce McWilliams... his first birthday and christening. Ceremony at St. Michael's to be followed by small party at Vaucluse home.

When Stella Ellis weds Victor Jacobs at Great Synagogue this Wednesday, she will wear diamond, ruby, and sapphire brooch worn by her mother on her wedding day.

Lovely square-cut emerald is being worn by Joyce Dabbs... Joyce announced engagement to Bill Caldwell at wedding of Dorothy Atkins (now Mrs. C. W. E. Moore).

No tennis racquets...

ASK State tennis champion Thelma Coyne if there'll be racquets decorating her wedding cake when she weds Maurice Long, but she goes all practical and says, "Nothing silly like that."

Plenty of tennis atmosphere provided, though, by guests... matron of honor Nell Hopman, Joan Hartigan, Mrs. John Lovell, Dorothy Dingle, Mrs. Roland Conway.

Thelma is charming bride in classical brocade satin. Melbourne visitors are Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Long, Mr. and Mrs. H. Tudor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Flint, Mrs. N. Morison.

Celebrations...

DRESS CIRCLE seats at Theatre Royal for "No Time For Comedy." Spy Alicia Inglis nearby looking all radiant and surrounded by family party, so after first act I ask, "What's afoot?" She shows me super square diamond, surrounded with smaller diamonds, and introduces fiancé, John Sutherland.

Theatre party is followed by celebration supper at the Inglis' Vaucluse home. Those present... Mr. and Mrs. John Inglis, Mrs. F. Dodwell, David Sutherland, Flora and John Inglis, Ken Inglis and fiancée Brenda Wilson, and Dr. and Mrs. Alex Inglis.

The Alex Inglis' arrived from Brisbane home day before party, with infant daughter Dain, who, says Alicia, is getting more attention than the newly-engageds. Dain is first grandchild, and is being presented to family for first time.

Precious jewels...

HEAR from Melbourne of another super engagement ring... Joan McCay's square emerald, which she had to choose herself as fiancé Hugh Syme is abroad with R.A.N.V.R. exploding mines. Joan is third daughter of the Delamore McCays, who lived at Pymble until about two years ago.

Lorna Marsden's ring, just presented by Dr. Albert Khan, is diamond solitaire.

So orchidaceous...

ORCHIDS everywhere when Thelma Roos weds well-known Melbourne business man, Dick Newton, at St. Mark's. All Victorian guests sport sprays of mauve orchids... specially sent by air on day of wedding from the orchid houses at Ripponlea.

Bridegroom's cousin, Mrs. Tim Jones, whose home is Ripponlea, wears spray of mauve ones on black sheer gown. Mrs. Geoff Christian, Dick's sister, wears large white and mauve blooms, and Mrs. Laurie Newton chooses cattleyas.

Eighty guests at wedding reception at Romano's include Dr. Dick Davey, who gave the bride away; Mrs. Roy Chisholm, Mrs. Leslie Utz, Sheila Curtis, Mrs. Frank Mullins, Rita MacIntosh, Eileen Done, Pat Jones.

Seen around town...

SLIM in white floral silk... Mrs. Alan Bragg, in town from Landsgrave, Cootamundra. Alan has just gone into camp for three months.

Mrs. Bill Scott, of Young, wearing smart white straw hat, with high, fluted brim... shopping with her mother, Mrs. Bill Mackinnon.



STRIDING into action... Rosalind Weddes and Betty King at Newport, where they are in camp with forty Varsity students.



BRIDAL PARTY. Dick Newton and his bride (formerly Thelma Roos) leaving St. Mark's, followed by best man Ortel Gratian and Muriel Wilkinson.



SHOPPING in town before returning to Laura, where husband is in camp... attractive Mrs. John Ayers, of Adelaide.



AFTER FACING barrage of cameras, Mrs. John Julian sits down and enjoys cup of tea before wedding reception begins... chatting to groomsman George Walker.



"THE KING" is the toast... Dr. Tom Bateman and his bride, formerly Beatrice McGirr, at their wedding reception at Redleaf.



TWO PRETTY GIRLS in a lovely setting... Mary Woods and Pat Murray on Redleaf terrace during Bateman-McGirr reception.



DAY AT RACES for Enid Hull (left) and Mrs. Graham Body, of Inverell. Mrs. Body is in town for wedding this Saturday of her sister, Pat Daly, and David Murray.



HER FACE covered with tulle veil, Jeanne Hussey Cooper is escorted to St. Mark's by Grant Lindeman for her wedding appointment with American Charles McCrea.

ENGLISH BRIDES OF THE A.I.F. . . .



CORPORAL and Mrs. J. D. Guillemette. They were childhood friends on Isle of Guernsey. Met again when A.I.F. reached England, and were married in Salisbury Cathedral.



PRIVATE REX HAWKINS, of Benalla, Vic. (Brigadier Wardell's batman), was first Digger to marry an English girl, Miss Mary Jones. She plans to leave for Australia quite soon.



PRIVATE AND MRS. ALFRED BURLEY, married at Burnt Oak Registry Office, London. Welsh bride was Miss Ida Kostromin.



DOUBLE WEDDING of Miss Marie Jeppersen to Private Ronald Lawson, of W.A., and Miss Gladys Jeppersen to Private Harry Astow, of Adelaide. Brides are daughters of Anzac of last war, who married an English girl, and settled in England.



PRIVATE W. SAUNDERS, Adelaide, and bride, Jean Silver, married at Stepney.



CORPORAL. A. W. STAFFORD, Adelaide, cook to General Wynter, and Mrs. Stafford, formerly Miss Jean Smiley, who were married at a Salisbury registry office.



MEN of the A.I.F. found romance in England, and on this page are pictures, exclusive to *The Australian Women's Weekly*, of the girls they have met and married in the beleaguered heart of the Empire. Some of the girls are already planning to come to Australia, where a warm welcome awaits them.



MRS. PHIL MADDERN, English bride of Private Maddern, of Queensland. She was formerly Miss Winnie Holloway.



LANCE-CORPORAL LES YOUNG, of Gympie, Qld., with his Irish bride Lillian McCann.



MRS. ALAN DRINKALL, nee Marion Morse, met A.I.F. husband when singing with band.

An Editorial

FEBRUARY 8, 1941.

WRITE TO HIM ABOUT HOME



THOUSANDS of letters from men of the fighting forces have been sent to this office by their womenfolk.

One thing stands out in most of the letters — the eagerness of the men for the bits and pieces of news from home.

They seek domestic details, news of their friends, and all the little things that made up the daily round before the war called them from civil life.

One Australian girl married to a soldier at Bardia wrote to us about this aspect of letters to the fighting forces.

She is working in a city shop and hasn't a great deal of time for letter-writing, but she said:

"I am telling my husband all the little details of my life.

"They may seem insignificant to me, but in far-off Libya they mean a lot to a lonely man. I tell him about the garden, the latest batch of kittens, my new hat—the small change of conversation we used to spend together.

"When the war is over, I want my husband to step back into his home as though he had never left it."

How profoundly wise is this reasoning!

Many men have already been away over twelve months.

It is not hard to realise what letters from home mean to them.

The seal was set on the victory of Bardia for many Australian soldiers by the mail-van that chased the forces across the desert to deliver letters from home.

History in the making paused for a while as the boys stood among their prisoners reading their letters.

Bright, newsy letters are little bits of home to the fighting forces—glimpses of the heaven they are fighting to preserve.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

Winnie the War Winner



"I'm getting jealous—she's up in that cloud with John."

A private in Egypt to a friend in Bathurst, N.S.W.:

WE saw a trainload of Italian prisoners go through yesterday and most of them seemed to be quite pleased to be out of it.

"They were all tired out, and it looked as though our boys had been hitting the bull fairly consistently, as there were very few who were not wounded.

"The way we are situated here I wouldn't mind if I were here for the duration. Our quarters are swell—remind me of Parliament House after our tents in the desert.

"We have real beds with fair dinkum mattresses, sheets, and all the trimmings.

"There are hot and cold showers, a bath, mirrors, and lockers to stow our gear in.

"Now the boys are 'going crook' because we will have to take our boots off to go to bed and will have to have a wash every day.

"I had to laugh at one fellow who said mournfully, 'This is too good to be true. I'll bet they come over and bomb all this before we are here 24 hours, and we'll have to go out in the desert and pitch tents.' But so far we are intact."

Private H. G. Malcolm in Palestine to his mother in West Kempsey, N.S.W.:

"NOW mother, I must tell you the most wonderful news of all. I was admitted to hospital, and who do you think was in charge of the ward? 'Imagine my pleasure and surprise to see my own sister walk in.

"It was great, and we had plenty to talk about. Although I knew she had enlisted, I did not know she had left Australia."

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A Leading Aircraftman with the Empire Training Scheme in Canada to his mother in Roseville, N.S.W.:

AS I write this we are in a train. It will take us another 22 hours to reach our destination for further training.

"At our first training school we had wooden huts, the central heating keeping the inside temperature constant at 68 although outside it is sometimes 50 below freezing point.

"We had double-decker bunks with mattresses, sheets, pillow-cases and plenty of blankets.

"The food is rather different to ours, and takes a deal of getting used to. For instance, this morning's breakfast consisted of oatmeal, johnny cakes, and maple syrup and coffee.

"We went down after drill one day to the Y.M.C.A. and had a swim in the pool, which is heated to 70 degrees.

"One evening we attended a Halloween party—you know the idea, hollowed-out pumpkins with lights in them, and lots of fun.

"Next evening we went to a dance at the hotel, a ten-story building. Another evening we had 400 airmen with their partners at a dance in the mess-hall of the station.

"On Saturday afternoon we watched a game of American football, when the film star, Pat O'Brien, kicked the ball off. It was bitterly cold with the temperature at 20 below.

"The Canadians treat us very well. An outing was arranged for all the Aussies and New Zealanders by business men. We travelled in heated cars. The drive up the mountains is unsurpassed for grandeur, snow-capped peaks appear and reappear on all sides, and there seem to be endless vistas of fir trees festooned with snow and, in the valleys, rock-strewn streams and rivers.

"In the afternoon we often have a game of Union between the Aussies and Kiwis, and the other afternoon the Kiwis beat us 6 to 3. I was reserve, and although I had blankets over my toes I was nearly frozen when it ended.

"We got our first Australian mail the other day at dinner, and the excitement was terrific. It seems childish to be so thrilled, but in a snowbound country a letter from Aussie seems wonderfully good."

A sapper in Darwin to a friend in Balwyn, Vic.:

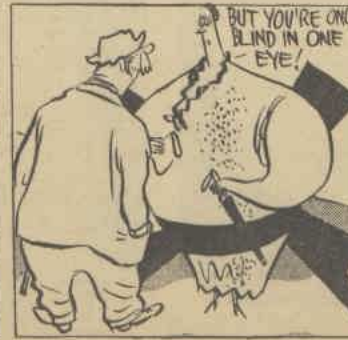
WE were driving across Rapid Creek when we saw a water buffalo. Waan't he wild-looking! He had been wounded by a bullet and had wandered in with a bunch of steers. His horns must have been five feet across if they were an inch.

"Coming back from the bush station four chaps were walking along in the dark when one of them happened to switch his torch.

"On the ground ahead of him was a large tree-python. They killed him, and he measured 8ft. 6in.

"It is a beautiful skin, yellow, with a black stripe down the back."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Driver Jack Williams to his mother, Mrs. F. Williams, Coburg N13, Vic.:

I HAVE seen the Italian prisoners arrive at a railway station near our camp.

"The poor things—it was a bitterly cold day, the wind just went through you like a knife. Some of the poor devils were clad in shorts and sandals, a coat, and no socks. Others were clad in field uniforms of blue-grey.

"It was a sight of a lifetime. They had a meal at this station before marching to their internment camp, and by the way they looked forward to their meal they were indeed very hungry.

"I went up to the camp and put some slices of bread and cheese in my pocket to swap for some souvenirs.

"I got a few cloth badges off their caps, and believe me they were only too eager to change parts of their uniform for something edible. I was making signs to two of them, telling them that I would like their badge. When one of the chaps tore off his badge and I produced the sandwich you should just have seen the two of them dive on it. I got it back and divided it equally.

"Tobacco and cigs were the main request. Quite a few of the boys opened up their tin of 'baccy' and gave a few the 'makings.' You just should have seen the crowd around that 'baccy'.

"You've seen children crowd around for lollies with their hands outstretched. The kids have nothing on these 'ties'.

"You couldn't help feeling sorry for them, huddled together with a blanket around them in a vain attempt to keep out the biting wind."

Private A. R. Vosti, at sea, to his mother, Mrs. J. W. Vosti, 43 Argyle St., Moonie Ponds, Vic.:

I SAW a sight I'll never forget the other day.

"We passed a warship, and she dressed ship as we went by.

"The sailors were all drawn up on deck, and presented a marvellous picture of precision and beauty as they stood there all in white uniforms.

"Then as we passed by they gave us three cheers, and the band was playing.

"It was very inspiring, and sent little shivers up and down my spine, and made me want to burst into patriotic songs."

L.A.C. Clement Hartley, with the R.A.A.F. in Canada, to his sister, Audrey, in Wilston, Qld.:

I MET some of the crew of a ship that was mined in Bass Strait.

"They told me of some terrible experiences, and two of them gave me their autographs for you. They are Yanks, and their autographs, which I have enclosed, will be something for you to show round.

"When we arrived everyone gave us a marvellous welcome.

"The people cheered us, and all along the march one could hear, 'Good on you, Aussie,' or 'Three cheers for the Aussies,' etc. Some sang out, 'Here come the Kangaroos.'

"The people think nothing of stopping you in the street, buying you a drink, and inviting you out. If you refuse the drink they say, 'I thought the Aussies were good beer drinkers.'"

If you are thinking of falling in love...

Take a tip from Ginger

By GINGER (assisted by Mal Verco)

Ever since the Edditer of the paper saw me in town talking to a couple of girls—about a dozen, I think it was—I've been pestered and pestered to write a nartickle about LOVE.

Mal's typist refuses to take my dictation, so I have got to type this myself alone.

HOWEVER, dear readers, I can assure you all that the subject matter of my learned discourse will amply outweigh any trifling typo-typographical errors. Here goes.

LOVE (in kapitals please).

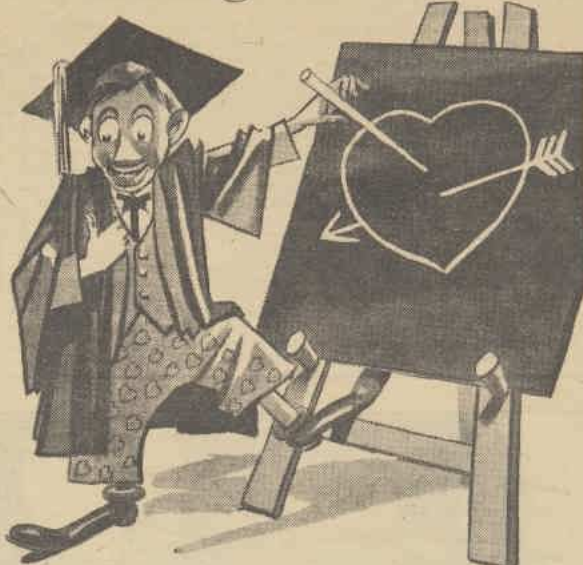
Love is a disease all right. Doctors have proved it with heart-testing machines, lie detectors, and charts and things.

Personally I reckon love is the sort of disease that makes everybody sick except the one that's got it. But actually I know more about love than any of these medical men.

I ought to, too (full stop) I was usher at the pictures for three weeks once.

There are several sorts of kinds of ways of getting love on you. You can fall in love... or you can have love thrust upon you... or if you're fair dinkum about it, a good line is to look her in the eye and say in a sort of mashed potato voice... "Darling, IT JUST HAPPENED." That gets 'em.

Now about Love itself. It takes



GINGER demonstrates his theories on Love. Mal Verco is the dance of the class.

To all young men in love I would say, point out make clear that there are only three kinds of girls... there's the beautiful kind... there's the intelligent kind... and then there's the majority.

But believe me peasantry love has its drawbacks, and when you feel like going for that dizzy blonde you

see on the 8.15 every morning just remember that a man usually steals the first kiss. He pleads for the second. Asks for the fourth.

You take the fifth and sixth... accept the next half-dozen — and **ENDURE THE REST!** Ain't love grand?

EVER HAVE
HEADACHES
AND DON'T
KNOW
WHY?



Feel dull, down, depressed and don't know why?
Feel sleepy when it's time to get up?
Feel ready for bed long before it's time to turn in?

Have pains in the back, aches in the legs?

Signs of constipation.

You may think you are "regular." Many "regular" people eliminate incompletely. Poisons are left. Get into the bloodstream. There is an honest prescription for constipation. Doctors have recommended it for half a century. It is **Kruschen Salts**. There is nothing better. Kruschen has gained doctors' good opinion because it is not a patent medicine, nor a drug, nor a dietetic fad. It contains no so-called secret ingredients. The analysis is on every bottle. Doctors prescribe it because they know what they are recommending. Kruschen is basically and unalterably right. Kruschen is as right for constipation as hot bath and toddy are right for a cold. Whether you know you are constipated or not you will be well advised to take Kruschen occasionally. If you feel brighter, more cheerful, and tire less easily, these are indications you should continue. It is almost certain that—

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

R.11-1540

people in different ways. Frinstance, some men are very timid about Love. My brother Luke was.

He walked out with his Missus for 12 years before they got hitched. He thought it might be a passing fancy. Fancy!

Then there's the sort of stoop who marries a girl for her mind. That's not love at all really. It means her mind was made up to get him anyway.

But let me simplify the thing for you. It's easy to a man like me—specially when Malise Verco's not here to complicate things.

Lissen... Love, my good peasantry, is like chronic catarrh... you get it easily and it's darned hard to get rid of it...

The kissing problem

ADVICE to people in love is a difficult thing to give... nobody wants advice anyway, but (comma) let me tell you peasants just one or two wrinkles.

If you've gotta be in love, fall for a girl who walks gracefully. Lay it on thick about her swell stagger and you'll save a lot of tram fares.

And then there's the subject of kissing... It just naturally comes under the heading of Love... kissing is a delicate subject (full stop new paragraph).

My investigations have proved beyond doubt people that you can kiss all the girls some of the time and some of the girls all the time, but you can't kiss ALL the girls ALL the time... unless you're a darn sight better than I think you are. Try it.

Now, let me tell you about my brother Dopey. He fell in love with a pretty girl. She was so pretty that our deaf-and-dumb uncle sprained his wrist trying to talk her into marrying him.

But although she was pretty there was nobody home upstairs. Dopey told her he loved her. "Yeah," she said, in a droopy sort of voice.

"Yeah," says Dopey to the girl. "I love you, Ermintrude. I'll go out into the wide world and work for you... I'll bring home the bacon for YOU, dear."

"How nice... and will you cook it, too?" asks the animated clothes prop that Dopey's fallen for. And he STILL loves her.

See what I mean, full stop Love is like a leaky hoof. As fast as you mend it, it breaks out in another place.

Of course... love leads to marriage (semicolon) some people say that married men live longer than the single peasantry... but I reckon it only SEEMS longer...

As far as love and marriage are concerned, my motto is... **A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO BOSS.** Think that over... all you love-lawn stoops.

Do you know?

1. Scientists agree that house flies are one of the most deadly enemies of man.
2. Flies kill more people every year than are killed by snakes, wild animals, fires and flood combined.



Destroy this DISEASE CARRIER

Protect your family from filthy flies. They carry practically every contagious disease. Spray Flit. Flit is sure death to flies, mosquitoes, bugs and other insects because its killing power has been proved unexcelled. Flit spray will not stain.

BWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

They are often worthless—sometimes even dangerous—and frequently waste your money. Flit is sold in 8 and 16 oz. bottles, 32 and 160 oz. tins. Look for the Soldier on the package!

Kill flies with

FLIT



Be sure you get Flit! Harmless to humans—deadly to insects.

Vacuum Oil Company Pty. Ltd. (Incorp. in Aust.)

7-401

"AND how about a druggist? . . . Thank you. Here — McNally wrote on the back of an envelope — 'Is a prescription. I'll want five pounds of that.'"

The druggist glanced at it. "Five pounds? Why, that's enough to put half of Missouri to sleep. I don't think—well, anyway, not without a doctor's prescription."

"Is there a doctor in the house? Doc, sign that. It's what we use on a monkey-catching expedition . . . Thank you. Now, druggist—"

"My shop's across the street. I don't see—"

"I'll convey you," McNally said. He grabbed the thin little druggist by the shoulder and hurried him to the door. Somebody opened it. McNally leaped out on the sidewalk, still holding his pharmacist. "Which way?"

The druggist pointed diagonally across the street. There was no glass

left in the window, but it obviously had been a drug store. McNally used the monkey-bandler's best trick; he took a deep breath, and hissed as loud and as long as he could. Then he half-carried the apothecary to his shop, shoved him through the glassless window, and stopped.

Nothing happened for two minutes, three. Then the monkeys, deciding that they had not after all heard a snake, came to life again.

Two little rhesus monks came down Main Street high over head, swinging along the telegraph wires. A chimpanzee swaggered around a corner, dressed in a farmer's straw hat, followed by an admiring group of marmosets.

Pausing in front of Mr. Gertie's, the chimp put his feet against the copper bottom of the window. Then

he locked his strong hands around a board, braced himself, and pulled. The board came loose, and the marmosets scrambled through.

The chimp took time to pull another board so he could go in himself without squeezing. From inside the store came the happy squealing of amused simians.

McNally muttered: "I spent eight days in a filthy grass hut in West Africa to catch that chimp. Those marmosets had colds all the way up from Ecuador, and I sat up nights feeding them whiskey and milk out of an eye-dropper. And for what? So they could wreck the store of a guy who'll see surer than a bear trap. Gratitude, where's those monkeys' gratitude?"

He walked down to Gertie's. "Hey,

Continued from page 14

Mike," he called to the chimpanzee. "Come here, Mike. Remember me, old fellow? Remember—"

The chimp seemed to remember. At any rate he stopped posing in front of the mirror in the middle of the store and swung, blinking, towards McNally. Then he lumbered to the boarded-up front of the shop. He thrust a long arm through.

"Good Mike, c'mon Mike. Nice ol' Mike."

This seemed to satisfy the chimp's curiosity. Apparently he remembered McNally now. He knocked the animal man's hat off and tweaked McNally's nose. From the depth of the hotel came muffled roars of laughter.

"He isn't wild; just playful," McNally muttered.

BUT there was one walking around talking to errant apes. He would have to catch them. Let's see—a thousand at four dollars a day—five if they were afraid—could surround the town and walk in, pen the monkeys into the centre square, and—

No. Inexperienced hands, he had learned early in his career, were more hindrance than help. They—

The druggist stuck his head out. He had found and donned a helmet painted with the letters AMERICAN LEGION 1934. "Here's your prescription, sir."

"Thanks," McNally said. "Where is the nearest greengrocery store?"

"Two doors down, on the other side of the telegraph office. Aren't you going to take me back to the hotel?"

"All right. Come on." He hissed again, and ran the druggist out across the street. When the door opened, Myrtle popped out. "Listen, Mr. McNally, if I could do my imitations—"

"Good grief, girl, pull yourself together, will you?" He pushed her almost roughly back into the hotel and ran across the street.

As he reached the greengrocery store, still clutching the medicine to his bosom, there was the noise of a lot of glass breaking in the block. Cottonville was being taken apart bit by bit.

The store was locked with a padlock. He shot it off with his gun, little more damage now having mattered. He plunged inside in the silence that followed the roar of the revolver; the monkeys, scared, stopped their depredations for a moment.

Ah, glory! Hanging over the counter was a big bunch of bananas. How they had overlooked those—

He went to work, peeling bananas, breaking them in half, dipping each half in the powder. Through the walls of the store came the steady clacking of telegraph instruments. Apparently the operator was still at his post. Wire help?

No. He would— A chattering out in the street brought his head up. It was Mike the chimp, leading his little coterie of fans out of town again. This time Mike was wearing a football helmet, no doubt from the stock Mr. Gertie.

McNally grinned evilly. Michael, here you go! Gently he tossed a dozen of his doped bananas out into the street. The silky white crystals clung all over the bruised yellow meat, shone in the Missouri sun.

MIKE grunted, stopped. He picked up a piece of banana in his fingers, turned it over in his hand, the pink palm open.

With his free hand, Mike showed the helmet to one side, scratched his head, then gravely and carefully dusted the banana free of every speck of powder, popped it into his mouth, and chewed it with little grunts of satisfaction.

The marmosets, with the monkey's proverbial trick of imitation, dusted their bits just as carefully and ate them.

McNally sank back to a sitting position and then jumped up again. He had sat on a couple of tomatoes. Sunk, sunk! He backed away, his hand over his eyes—because the monkeys, gay over finding food, were pelting him with the splinters and nails from the gutter—until he kicked with his heel against the telegraph office door. It opened, hand jerked him in, and he breathed again.

"Ain't this awful?" asked the telegraph operator. "Worse'n a war." "Yeah. Look, send a wire to me. To Jake Loeb, Paramount Building, New York. Got it? He's all available men with menage experience. Rush them my assistance. Need help badly?" "Sure," said McNally, and—

"Oh, you Mr. McNally? Got a wire for you." The operator handed over a yellow sheet of paper.

McNally read it: "Have had to send all available cash to Europe to pay for passage home two dog spony shows working there. No cash on hand. Still Cottonville claims long as possible; have booked monkey caravan Chicago for rate twenty thousand per week for three weeks. Have you got monkeys corralled yet? Mr. Loeb home in bed nervous prostration. When you get caravan off for Chicago come home run office. (Signed) Jane."

Jane was Jane McGregor, joint secretary and office manager. If—

The phone rang. McNally said: "That'll be for me and I'll be grief."

Please turn to page 20

Monkey Business

In 1609, ten years before the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth Hoe, Captain George Yardley set out for America in the little ship "Sea Adventure."

Blown from her course, battered by sea and wind and leaking badly, the "Sea Adventure" was wrecked on an uncharted island which we now know as Bermuda. The ship's company was saved.

After months of labour, the castaways succeeded in building two small boats, in which they reached Jamestown, Virginia, nearly a year after leaving England.

Captain Yardley was later made Governor and Captain-General of Virginia and knighted by King James I. Sir George and Lady Yardley were among the first settlers in America.

From this distinguished family, which may be traced back to the fourteenth century, came the William Yardley of Yardley of London, founded in 1770, the year Captain Cook sailed into Botany Bay.

Memory carries the Lieutenant back to his own home in Plymouth. In his mind's eye he sees his wife and mother, celebrated through the County for their flawless English complexions.

Women of distinction in every English-speaking country safeguard their beauty with the exquisite Yardley preparations.

Yardley OLD BOND STREET *** LONDON

YARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY . . . LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, TORONTO

Corryong agog to welcome Bill Garing



WING-COMMANDER W. H. GARING, D.F.C., who is returning to Australia to give the R.A.A.F. the benefit of his battle experience.



MRS. BILL GARING, formerly Miss Robin Punchard, who was married in England to Wing-Commander Garing.



WING-COMMANDER CHARLES PEARCE (left) and Wing-Commander Garing (right), with another officer at an English flying-field. Wing-Commander Pearce and his English bride are also on their way to Australia.

Country town awaits its homing warbird

Corryong, small Victorian town, is in a ferment of anticipation and preparation to welcome fittingly its famous son, Wing-Commander Bill Garing, first of Australia's war air heroes to come home.

Wing-Commander Garing, hero of the rescue of 13 children and 33 adults from the torpedoed liner, City of Benares, is returning to Australia to give R.A.A.F. pilots the benefit of his battle experience. His wife, formerly Robin Punchard, of Sydney, will accompany him.

PROSPEROUS little place in the midst of a rich grazing and dairying district, Corryong is 100 miles from Albury, and five miles from the Murray, on the Victorian side.

Wing-Commander Garing's favorite sister, Mrs. Charles Lebner, still lives there.

Her husband is Shire President, and they have a grazing property out of town, but live in Corryong.

Corryong has a strong committee all ready to turn on a special welcome.

This committee was formed early in the war specially to give farewell parties to fighting men of the district.

Though Corryong's population is only between five hundred and six hundred already more than 60 A.I.F., a few R.A.A.F., and one naval man have been farewelled.

This will be the first occasion for a welcome home, and it promises to be an occasion no one will ever forget.

Everybody knows Bill Garing in Corryong. His exploits are a main topic of conversation.

Saved children

WHILE Garing was flying a Sunderland of the Coastal Command he saw a tiny boat on the water carrying survivors from the City of Benares—child evacuee ship ruthlessly torpedoed by a U-boat.

Fair, blue-eyed, jolly Bill Garing sports two magnificent dimples, is full of fun, and most popular in Victoria and New South Wales.

He is the youngest son of Mr. George Garing, retired grazier, of Corryong, who spends his time now travelling about Australia and New Zealand.

Bill has an elder brother, George, who has enlisted; and, as well as Mrs. Lebner, a sister, Nellie, a trainee at Fairfield Hospital.

"We are all terribly thrilled and proud of Bill, and pleased he is coming home," said Mrs. Lebner.

"I have a soft spot for Bill. Mother died when he was a tiny tot, and I practically reared him. As a little lad he was more interested in mechanism than outdoor games, especially any kind of engine that would make a noise.

"He was one of the officers chosen to travel to England in July, 1939, to take delivery of the Sunderland flying-boats for Australia.

school before she married a district grazier.

"Bill is a grand lad; naturally this district is very proud of him as we are of all district men serving," she said.

Uncle Bill is terribly popular and a real hero in the eyes of the three Lebner children, Shirley, who has just turned 16, Len, aged 13, and Max, who is nine.

Married abroad

"It will be grand to see Bill's wife, Robin, too. They were married in England at the beautiful old Church of the Maker, overlooking the Sound at Plymouth," said Mrs. Lebner.

Robin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Punchard, of Edgecliff, Sydney, and formerly of Brisbane, are looking forward with immense excitement to the return of their pretty 22-year-old daughter.

She has been living in Plymouth and in one letter she hinted that she was to accompany her husband

to Buckingham Palace for his investiture of the D.F.C.

"I have just purchased myself a lovely black frock, which I shall wear with my fur coat," she said. "When I come back you can say, 'Robin, Robin, where have you been?' and I shall reply, 'I have been to London to see the Queen.'"

Shortly after she was married Mrs.

Garing worked on the wharves for two nights and three days giving aid to the torpedoed Lancastria victims.

While her husband was on duty she did all night canteen work in Plymouth.

"The English are magnificent," she writes. "Their main thought is to keep the children bright."

HARRY FALLS FLAT



BY TRADE A PRINTER, HARRY HEWETTS WAS ALSO GOOD AT PLAYING DUETS.



BUT 'PRINTERS' HANDS' MADE PARTNERS SHY TILL SOLVOL HE WAS URGED TO TRY.



AND NOW A MUCH-RESPECTED GUEST HARRY IS IN GREAT REQUEST.

His case is typical and shows What every Solvol-user knows

Don't let work-stained hands give a wrong impression of you! Toilet soap won't shift embedded dirt—but Solvol will. Its thick, clean-scented lather seeps into the pores and creases—moves sludge and caked grime in seconds!



GENTLE AS A TOILET SOAP... LASTS FAR LONGER

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. S.19.82

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. Just get a small box of **Orie Compound** from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

HOUSEWORK HANDS?

Quick!
use
HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM

Makes skin instantly soft, smooth, healthy.

1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)

FREE OFFER!

To put sunshine in your hair send this advert, with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 960-00, G.P.O., Sydney, and 50 p.p. Candidate Tenzara will be sent free.

W.W. 2-41

Overworked EYES

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning—is the modern way to cleanse, soothe, refresh. Murine's six extra ingredients wash away all irritation and strain. Ask your chemist.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Hurried meals bring on

STOMACH TROUBLE

Long hours at high pressure . . . hurried meals at counter, desk or machine . . . no wonder stomach trouble results! That is the time to turn to De Witt's Antacid Powder—guaranteed for indigestion.

De Witt's Antacid Powder works quickly and it does the job effectively. Firstly it neutralises excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the in-

flamed stomach lining while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on. Finally, it helps to digest your food and so relieves the weakened stomach. The very first dose brings relief. Your digestion is restored to its natural, healthy state. Appetite returns, and soon you sit down to meals "as hungry as a hunter." No pain afterwards, no discomfort, no more indigestion!

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ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters,



large sky-blue canisters,

large sky-blue canisters,

large sky-blue canisters,

large sky-blue canisters,

large sky-blue canisters,

large sky-blue canisters,

THE telegraph man answered it. He said: "You're right about the first part. It's the mayor."

Those lush accents boomed: "Misteh McNally, I have held off as long as possible, realising that the salvage of your animals was to the interest of my constituents in collecting their claims from you. But I can hold out no longer. I have phoned for the State police and the militia. In an hour, two hundred men will come through this town with guns and shoot every ape they find running loose. They—"

"Nix, nix. Hold it, Your Honor, I'll be right over." McNally rushed for the door and stormed across the street. A bunch of carrots hit him just below the left ear, and wrapped themselves around his neck. But the hotel door opened, and he got in. Undrapping the carrots he handed them to Myrtle. "Here, secretary, give these to the cook. Now, Mr. Mayor—"

Myrtle took the carrots. She said: "I've been arguing with Cousin Austin, Mr. McNally, but he won't listen. These gentlemen have all been filling claims with me every few minutes. They watch out the window, and whenever the little monkeys break something, they tell me and I write it down." She waved some sheets of paper.

McNally stared at her. "You told me they wouldn't sue any friend of yours."

"Oh, but their businesses are being destroyed. It's over fifty thousand dollars now, Mr. McNally. But I've made five dollars. This gentleman here paid me that to do an imitation of a lion for his movie camera."

"Lion?"

"Yes, Mr. McNally. I reckon you get your percentage on—"

McNally said: "Which gentleman?" His voice was high, shrill.

The man in question stepped forward. "Me. I'm a freelance cameraman. My brother here and I own a sound outfit. We were down at Springfield takin' pictures of a dog show for a meat packin' outfit to use in its advertising, and we shot up here to see could we get something to sell to the regular newsreel companies. But they all got outta in."

McNally said: "Hang around, Oh, hang around, pal. Steer clear of those newscap boys, and keep mum, Myrtle."

He grabbed the girl's shapely arm, led her to one side, and said: "Babe, you imitate animals?"

"Yes, of course. That's what I've been telling you. My daddy paid to have me taught imitations, and our teacher used to take us out to the zoo and make us study the animals. But I can imitate actors good, too."

Monkey Business

Continued from page 18

Wanta hear me do Walter Huston imitating Lew Lehr? I—"

McNally clapped a hand over her mouth. "Later, Myrtle. Later, babe. Listen. You've been around zoos. Ever see a baby monkey fall?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. McNally. We were so scared, one of the girls in the class cried."

He said: "Skip that. What kind of a noise did the little monkey make?" She opened her mouth and let out a chattering wall or a wailing chatter that carried McNally back to the holds of a dozen freighters, to the huts of a dozen jungles. That noise had so often awakened him at night.

He said: "Myrtle, I just noticed. You're a very pretty girl. I like you, Myrtle." He raised his voice. "You sound truck man, come here. Now, Mr.—"

"Lafzig. Lafzig Brothers, of Chicago—"

"Lafzig, listen. You and your brother get out of here the back way, and get your outfit down the street about a block east of here. Myrtle, you go with him. And Lafzig, keep Myrtle inside the sound truck where she won't be hurt. She's valuable."

"But what we gonna do, Mac?"

"Lafzig, listen. You know my rep. if you're in show business. You know I know an attraction when I see one? I'm going to stage, for you and you alone, two reels that'll sell to every house in the world. I provide the producing, directing, writing, and acting. You shoot. We split fifty-fifty. You on?"

"I'm on my way."

McNally went and borrowed the tin helmet from the drugist. Then he wrapped himself in the heaviest coat he could borrow from a closet in the lobby and took off.

On the east edge of town, McNally found the Monkey Caravan. It was a two-truck outfit, big tractor-trail trucks, one of which had carried the cages, one the tents and props. The cages were made so that they unbolted and made a caged arena.

NEITHER then nor later did he find the manager of the show or either of the trainers he had hired. But locked in one of the cages was a roustabout. He screamed: "It wasn't me, Mr. McNally. I didn't do it. I been trying to get those monkeys back, but I can't do it alone and the rest of the gang mud-trailed it out of town. I—"

"All right, son. Unlock yourself, and let's go." McNally trotted around to the front of the truck. His nose was bleeding and one ear was puffy; he had not got out here without a few minor skirmishes. You cannot throw things at monkeys, because it puts ideas in their heads.

The hood of the motor was up. Someone or something had been beating on the hood of the motor with a wrench. The roustabout said: "It was a runtall done that. The other bus is a Diesel, it'd go, but they done flattened all its tyres."

"We'll switch that trac to this bus, then," McNally said. "And—Here they come."

He and the roustabout just made it to the cage. They pulled the door shut after them.

It was now explained why the damage in town had not been more. Just past the showgrounds was a pecan grove; at least a hundred and fifty of the animals had never left there.

"They keep comin' back here," the roustabout said. "I figger they want me to feed 'em."

The monks, led by the other chimp of the show, Molly, swung in around the cage. The more thrifty among them carried a stock of pecan nuts; a little lady rhesus with a charming face tossed one in gently to McNally. He picked it up, bowed.

"Turn about's fair play," he said. "They've been doing that to you a long time, babe."

But a grey spider monkey had other ideas. He banged a rock into the cage. Instantly there was a shower of them. McNally cowered under his tin helmet and his heavy overcoat. He didn't look up until the rain had ceased.

The roustabout moved beside him. "You all right, boss?"

"Bruised but living."

"Me, too. Let's go."

By alternately hissing and working they got the tyres changed on the Diesel tractor, used it to pull the cage trailer away from its wrecked motive

power, hooked up. The roustabout said: "You wanta drive?"

"You drive. Think those monkeys'll follow us?"

"Should. This is the only home they know."

McNally rode the trailer. The driver pulled slowly towards town, and the monkeys peered out of the pecan grove. McNally raised his voice, remembering Mike. "Molly. Oh, Molly—"

The chimp came out of the woods. She ambled over to where the truck had been. Seeing her cage gone, she chattered, and monkeys galore—big monks, little monks, spider monks, rhesus monks, squirrel monks and marmosets—clustered around her big knees. McNally called again and she looked up, began to follow.

McNally beat on the driver's cab to stop him at the edge of town. With a piece of wire and trainer's hook he broke open a garage door and stole the passenger car inside. He drove it into town, where the sound truck waited, and got out.

Mike came down the street, ambulating along, looking for trouble. McNally gave his best hiss of the day and gained three minutes; he raced for the sound truck.

He pulled open the door and barked: "This is the scenario; everybody listen. Myrtle, you're the heroine. Get into that car, and go to the edge of town. Count to a hundred if you can. Then drive back in and park right under the mike; you know a microphone when you see one? Good."

"That roustabout just bringing the cages up and I shall be fighting the monks. Lafzig, you switch from us to the car, stopping Myrtle getting out. Myrtle, get out in a hurry; you might show a little leg while you do it. Stop under the mike, and give it to us in a brave womanly voice: 'What's happened?'"

"I say: 'This monkey show's been loose all night, terrorising the town. The damage has been terrific! Then I break off: 'Aren't you Myrtle Burbank, the great imitator?' You give that a yes, but modestly, Myrtle, modestly. I say: 'Mike Burbank, the lives and property of eight thousand people depend on you. Get into that cage and do your monkey imitations. They'll follow you if anyone.'"

"Incidentally," McNally said, ducking and giving another hiss, "while we're doing all this, the monks are ad libbing. Then you get into the cage, and heaven go with you. Now get going."

It might have been serious..

"That sudden slip of the razor! Quite a nasty cut! Inconvenient—and dangerous, too, for who knows what germs lie in wait for such an open wound? The quick dab of 'Dettol', however, keeps you safe from infection."

'Dettol' is ideal, not only for cuts, scratches or any open wound, but also as an after-shaving lotion. It keeps the skin clean and germ-free, yet it is non-poisonous, clean and pleasant to smell, and can be applied straight from the bottle or in solution as you prefer.

'Dettol' is the modern antiseptic. Three times more potent than pure carbolic acid yet it harms nothing but germs. Sold by chemists only, in 2/1 and 3/8 bottles.

... if it hadn't been
for 'Dettol'



Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney

M McNALLY got her into the car and started her away. He grabbed up a trainer's hook. In the street the town monkeys led by Mike had met the country monkeys led by Molly. Mike kissed Molly and cuffed her behind the ear. A pitched battle between the two forces started.

In the midst of it worked McNally and the roustabout, their hooks swinging. This was no acting; Mike apparently wanted to know where Molly had been all night, and was willing to tear her apart to find out. Under the milk they roared and screamed at each other.

Myrtle's voice cut in just as something ripped McNally's coat up the back. "What's happened?" She could deliver lines.

They went through the little dialogue, and then—glory be—it was all over. With the hooks they got the monkeys back to get Myrtle out of each cage; and did those monkeys pour in. The wall of a distressed baby was too much for the lady monks, and the men followed their now docile wives. The whole thing couldn't have taken more than five minutes.

McNally leaned against the last cage to be locked and sighed. "O.K." he waved at the Lafzigs. "Cut."

Lafzig swung down from the camera. "Boy," he screeched. "What staging. That thing'll beat more than a Mickey Mouse. We—"

"Get it out of town," McNally said. "Rush the prints to Jack Loeb, Paramount Building, New York." He was tired. He reached down and patted Myrtle. "Kid, you were swell. You're not much of a brains, but you're a wonderful imitator. And—you kids get out of town with the prints and Myrtle before they attach 'em. I've got to stay here and face these suits."

Lafzig said: "But any of the big releasing companies'll give us money for this film than the damages down in town."

"Yes, but when? Two weeks, five weeks, from now we'll be all right, but I'll have to sit in gaol here till then. They—"

"I never heard anything so silly," Myrtle said in her Grace Allen voice. "Uncle Drew wouldn't put you in gaol, Mr. McNally, after you've done for me."

"Uncle Drew?"

"He's the county judge. My Aunt Barry's husband. He can't read my uncle, just by marriage, he—"

"Myrtle," said McNally. "You're in the act from now on."

(Copyright)

HE who laughs LAST



"What happened when you lectured your wife on economy?"

"I had to give up smoking."



"Darling, I've kissed you a dozen times this evening!"

"Well, don't worry. I'm not superstitious."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I think I'll have some fish for lunch. They say it's excellent brain food."

"How about a nice whale?"



"After you threw him out of the tent why did you pull him back again?"

"I didn't throw him far enough."



"This war can't last more than a month. My husband has joined up and he never keeps a job longer than that."

Develop a Beautiful BUST!

Add 1 to 5 inches—or it Costs You Nothing

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm Bust that Fashion demands!

THE SECRET OF FEMINE CHARM

Many a woman today, who craves companionship and love, suffers in silence without knowing why she is neglected. The SECRET of woman's charm is that natural physical perfection which lends enchantment wherever she goes—the thing that makes her WOMAN in the first place—irresistibly draws man to her. That charm is her "physical beauty."

SENT FREE!

IF you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

SEND NO MONEY

MARY MONROE, DEPT. WS.,
24 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.
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Address _____
8/2/41

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

CHEMIST (at door of shop): What are you running for in such a desperate hurry, my boy?
Boy: I'm trying to keep two fellows from fighting.
"Who are they?"
"Bill Jenkins and me."

"CAN I have your lawn-mower this evening?"
"Sorry, but I shall be wanting it to trim the hedge."
"You can't trim a hedge with a lawn-mower!"
"You can do anything with a lawn-mower if you don't want to lend it."

POLICEMAN: How did the accident happen?
Motorist: My friends fell asleep in the back seat.

"OUR office boy is most annoying. He whistles while he works."
"You're lucky! Ours only whistles."

"ARE you looking for something in men's clothing, sir?" asked the shopwalker of an obviously worried man.
"Certainly not," came the reply. "My trouble is something in women's clothing. I'm hunting for my wife."



QUIET HOURS FAR FROM HOME

The luxurious comfort... the friendly atmosphere... and the very quietness of the Victoria's magnificent Tudor Lounge assure you many pleasant hours of rest and relaxation. For though you're in the heart of Melbourne, you're far removed from the noise of city traffic.

And you will enjoy the smooth efficient service that brings more than a quarter million guests to the Victoria each year.

POPULAR "ROOM ONLY" TARIFFS
Singles—5/- to 10/- per day.
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Suites, Family Rooms, etc.
Full Catering Service.
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YOUR beauty, your attractiveness makes or mars your social progress. Have you all the "appeal" you would like? This is your opportunity—send me the coupon below—TODAY!

GENUINE PROOF!

DEVELOPED 2 INCHES.
"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 2 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (L. N.S.W.).

WONDERFUL!
"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness. The lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (P.T. Vic.).

GAINED 3 INCHES.
"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your treatment, my bust measurement was 28 inches, and now it is 31 inches."—Miss A.L. (Q. N.S.W.).

THESE LETTERS AND MANY MORE CAN BE INSPECTED AT MY OFFICE AT ANY TIME.

Edited by Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY

and a staff of experts, for the benefit of all "Women's Weekly" readers—especially those who use Persil.

Over the Garden Fence

Mrs. Mary Holiday is the famous English washing authority whose friendly advice in the radio show, "To-day's Children," has won the hearts of thousands. The makers of Persil hope you will enjoy this regular feature too—and will continue to use Persil.



Back to School

THIS week I suppose those of you with youngsters will have them back at school once more. And, as usual, there'll be some tiny girls still not quite sure whether they really like this great adventure or not. . . . I always think it's a good idea to provide the beginner with a new dress if possible.

Pride of appearance in those tender years is a thing to encourage; it leads to self-confidence and makes our passage through life much easier. School days bring with them a host of problems for the young mother—and I receive a great number of letters asking for advice on how to wash school clothes.

Many ask how to deal with ink stains. Fortunately ink is rarely diffi-

cult to remove if you wash the stained garment straight away in good Persil suds, but do be certain to follow the instructions on the back of the packet and use sufficient, that is, 1 heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water.

The care of Serge

If you have any older girls who wear serge you may find the following tips useful. Before washing a frock or tunic with box pleats, sew guide marks with white cotton on top and bottom of the pleats. When re-pressing you will then find no difficulty in getting them back into position.

Serge should, of course, be washed, like all woollens, in tepid water with a good rich lather. But it is important to use a very gentle washer such as Persil to be sure of keeping its fresh new look.

Navy Serge sometimes dries streaky and patchy and it's as well to set the colour before hanging to dry. To the last rinsing water add half a cupful of vinegar. And, by the way, rinse very well—to avoid the whitish look that navy serge occasionally gets.

Brown Serge has the same tendency to dry streaky unless you squeeze out as much moisture as possible before drying. Set the colour with vinegar as above.

Of course, you know that all serge garments should be dried inside out. Iron on the reverse side, too, with a warm iron. Press firmly. For a perfect finish, press with a pressing cloth on the right side.



How well do you know your P's and Q's?

1. When is a woman supposed to rise when being introduced to another woman?
2. Should a woman apologise for her glove when shaking hands?
3. When being entertained for lunch, who should sit first—hostess or guest?
4. When meeting a male acquaintance in the street, who should be first to acknowledge the other?
5. When Mrs. Jones refers to her husband as Mr. Jones, is she socially correct?

ANSWERS:

1. When the newcomer is near royalty or to an intimate by his Christian name. 2. No. 3. No. 4. The lady. 5. No. 6. No. 7. When the newcomer is near royalty or to an intimate by his Christian name.

PERVERSE PERCY



Mrs. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate "Putting the clothes on a horse." This is what he did.

Don't arrive like this—



but like this—



Points for Perfect Packing

Start by making a list two or three days before you pack. Begin with your frocks and put down the various accessories—shoes, belts, gloves—that you'll need with each. Then make absolutely certain everything is freshly laundered and well-pressed, spots removed and odd stitches put in where necessary. Never pack your frocks straight after ironing—if hung for an hour or two they'll stay much crisper.

The old rule of "shoes first" still holds good. Arrange them as tightly as possible and fill up the cracks with little oddments—your shoe-cleaning outfit, mending materials, creams and lotions (well wrapped in crumpled paper). Then come your woollies and undies and, last of all, your frocks, very flat and folded exactly to fit your case.

By the way, it takes a super-packer to fold those new pleated frocks—so run a few tacking stitches round the hem. And don't forget to take along enough hangers. Finally, PRINT all your labels—tie-on ones are safer than "stickers."

Be Kind to Your Clothes

Shoes: Suede shoes which have become shiny can be freshened and made to last a few more months by treating stains with petrol or benzine. If they do not respond, rub very lightly with fine emery paper. Keep evening shoes in shape by stuffing them with tissue paper. This is better than trees, which may stretch and split delicate material (unless specially made to fit).

Stockings: Never wear new stockings without soaking them first in lukewarm water. This makes them more stretchy, helps prevent ladders. Wash stockings after every wearing in Persil. By adding just a little vinegar to the last rinsing water, you give the silk a more pleasing, dull-looking appearance.

Furs: To lengthen the life of furs, keep them clean. Brush, heated in the oven for a few minutes, is very useful. Rub well into the fur. Shake out and it will bring away all grease or dirt.

Gloves: If you wear nails fairly long, stuff the tiniest wad of cotton wool in tips of fingers so that nails won't cut through.

Don't let gloves get too dirty—undue rubbing in the tub soon wears out delicate fabrics and washable skins. Add a few drops of olive oil to the last rinsing water to keep chamois gloves soft and new-looking.

FOUNDATION GARMENTS TAKE TO THE TUB!

A Once-a-Week Dip Lengthens Their Life!

No need to have qualms about washing foundation garments! Leading corset buyers say that it isn't the washing that spoils your corset, but harmful perspiration acids left in the weave.

They advise frequent tubbing. Not only to restore the fit, but actually to lengthen the life of your garment.

Carefully remove any unwashable trimmings and loosen the suspender clips to prevent rust marks. Now for the tub, which must contain only cool suds—remember, we are dealing with pastel shades in our foundation garments. Squeeze through the suds, using a soft nailbrush or a loofah to take out any dark wrinkle marks. Rinse at least three times.

Remove from the water and roll tightly in a big, absorbent towel to sop up all moisture.

To dry a corselette, first roll a towel round a coat-hanger, then suspend the garment from it by the shoulder straps.

For corsets, hang a towel over the clothes line and then hang the garment over it.

A good way to dry a girdle is to suspend it from your line by two tapes pinned to the waist.

Dry all foundation garments in the shade.

Ironing

Take down while still slightly damp. Press the material parts on the wrong side. Be careful not to touch the elastic with a hot iron—or the result will be disastrous. If the garment is "all elastic" do not iron under any circumstances.

5/- if we print your hint

What's your most useful washing tip? Send it to Mrs. Holiday. If suitable for publication we will be pleased to pay you 5/-.

Is there anything you want to know about washing? Send your query to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.

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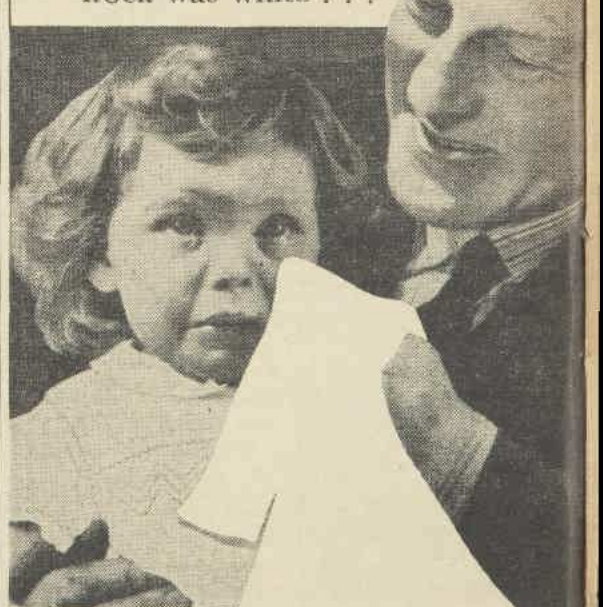
KINDERGARTEN FROCK.

Your little daughter will carry off style honours in this adorable frock. Very like big sister's with its full skirt, square neck and charming ric-rac trim. And the pattern for panties goes along, too!

Even the beginner is certain of good results with these easy-to-make patterns. Every design is a 1941 model and each pattern includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, a cutting-out chart and washing instructions. Usually sold for 2/- to 3/-. You can obtain these beautiful overseas patterns simply by sending 6d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.) to:—

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P.O. Box 495H, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and ask for PATTERN D—GIVE SIZE.

They thought Mary's frock was white . . .



. . . till Uncle dried her eyes on a PERSIL-WASHED hankie!

And the secret of that dazzling whiteness is—Persil's oxygen-charged suds! They bubble through the weave—search out the dirt and ease away the stains. Yet, though so very thorough, Persil's oxygen action is gentleness itself.

Trust all your silks, your coloured summer frocks with Persil. Everything lasts longer washed in Persil!

PERSIL THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER



The Movie World

February 8, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

23

"Mr. DEEDS" is now "JOHN DOE"

LACONIC GARY COOPER CHOSEN TO
PORTRAY THE AVERAGE CITIZEN

By John B. Davies, in New York

THE next time you see Gary Cooper on the screen he will be wearing the padded cap and leggings of an American baseball player.

In "Meet John Doe," the Frank Capra film which Warners' studio is releasing, Cooper plays a small-town baseball star pitcher.

But you need have no fears that the dignified Gary has become a party to any of those "ra-ra" hijinks peculiar to so many Hollywood baseball films.

For "Meet John Doe" is serious drama, which soon leaves the sporting field behind it. As "John Doe" (a term in legal use in the States), Gary represents the average citizen. Barbara Stanwyck appears with Gary as a newspaper sob-sister, who involves him in a circulation-building stunt.

This film is the first independent production of Frank Capra and Robert Riskin.

And Capra directed while Riskin wrote the script of that Academy-Award winning film, "Mr. Deeds Comes to Town," in which Cooper scored one of his biggest hits.

As soon as he had finished work on "Meet John Doe," Cooper went off on a two months' vacation. He will return to Warners to star in "The Amazing Story of Sergeant York," a chronicle of the feats of one of the greatest of the U.S. last war heroes.

Cooper is under contract to producer Samuel Goldwyn. To get him for "Sergeant York," Warners had to lend its pet star, Bette Davis, to Goldwyn for "The Little Foxes," one of the most spectacular "exchanges" ever made between two studios.

It is on the cards that Cooper will appear this year in the Paramount version of Ernest Hemingway's best-selling novel, "For Whom the Bell Tolls." And that should be another interesting dramatic role.

Gary Cooper turns forty this year. He has been playing leading roles for more than ten years.

Different actors have different methods of achieving results. For example, Garbo says that she cannot play her parts until she steepes herself so thoroughly in the character of the woman she portrays that she is no longer herself, but the person in the play.

Gary Cooper is a success for exactly the



• Gary Cooper, known in the film industry as "the white-collar cowboy from Montana," will be kept busy this year. Paramount wants him for a version of Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

• Gary Cooper steps out with Barbara Stanwyck, his co-star in "Meet John Doe," the Frank Capra film which is being released by Warners.



opposite reason. He is always himself, and because his own personality happens to be very attractive he continues to hold our interest and sympathy. It would be impossible for him to assume mannerisms foreign to himself.

Before going into a scene he will study it carefully, and determine exactly how he himself would react to a given situation.

Gary takes his work very much in the same manner as might an attorney, or an accountant. In other words, when he wipes the grease-paint off his face at the end of the day he leaves his histrionics in the dressing-room.

He prefers to forget the whole business until he appears on the set the next morning. He happens to earn his living by acting, and makes no to-do about pursuing an artistic career.

He intends to stick to picture-making as long as the public will have him. After that he promises himself a return to life on the ranch. He really likes hunting and fishing and sporting adventures.

His young daughter, Maria, might be called his chief hobby to-day. He is married to Sandra Shaw, the

socialite who came to Hollywood from New York in search of a screen career.

It is amusing to watch Gary at the studio. No one has a talent for relaxing like the rangy cowboy lover. When the scene is taken he slumps into his own special chair and shuts his eyes. In a moment he is off in a sweet slumber.

Avoids quarrels

HE is liked because he gives the other fellow a chance to talk. He is always courteous, and has a way of avoiding quarrels with his employers. If the terms of a contract do not suit him he will not wrangle and storm, but will unostentatiously absent himself. He avoids telephone calls for the duration of the difficulty, and inevitably he will get his own way in the end.

His method might be summed up as passive resistance.

He will not bother protecting his rights in small matters, and prefers not to notice when he is taken advantage of. But beware the anger of a patient man! When his sense of justice is outraged he will erupt like a volcano. The offender is not likely to forget.

Olive Oil *is the secret of*

All over Loveliness



But it's a secret no longer! All the world knows the story. How the unique blend of olive and palm oils contained in Palmolive soap, keeps the skin as clear and soft to touch as a baby's. That rich, cloud-soft lather bubbles gently over the skin, easing away dust and impurities. This *absolute* cleanliness protects you from coarse pores and skin blemishes. You'll feel a new and lovelier person after your Palmolive bath, and indeed you will be . . . because you'll be truly schoolgirl complexion *all over*.



Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Wednesday Night at 8.30 on 2GB, 2CA, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2HR, 2LM, 2WL, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 3SR, 3TR, 7BU, 7HT, 7QT, 7DY, 7LA, 7DN, 7RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 4BH, 4RO, 4GR, on 4AY at 8.45.

Jeanette MacDonald discusses . . .

Mrs. GENE RAYMOND

WORK AND HOME
ARE RUN TO A
RIGID TIMETABLE

From CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood

EVERY time I read in the news of another enthusiastic reception given to Jeanette MacDonald's present concert recitals, I remember what Jeanette herself said to me only a few weeks ago.

"I'm absolutely convinced," she exclaimed, with her green eyes dancing, "that happiness is the keynote of success."

We had been talking of this present tour, which she interrupted to spend Christmas with Gene and their families. We had also been talking about Gene's song, "Let Me Always Sing," which Jeanette is introducing to New York audiences this week. And from there we, or, rather, I, went on to talking about Jeanette herself.

In spite of her charming friendliness, Jeanette is not the type of person whom you can cross-question about her private life. As you can glimpse on the screen, there is definite dignity behind that red-haired beauty, and a certain poised reserve behind that gaiety.

Moreover, she detests this "How to be a wife and a career woman stuff"—to use her own blunt phrase. But I did persuade her to explain how she has managed to be the star Jeanette MacDonald and Mrs. Gene



• Nelson Eddy accompanies Jeanette MacDonald again in her latest MGM film, "Bitter Sweet," adapted—in technicolor, too—from Noel Coward's famous operetta and just completed



• So that her career does not infringe upon her home life, Jeanette MacDonald does all her singing practice for such scenes as this from "Bitter Sweet" in a special room at MGM studio.

Raymond without confusing the two avocations.

"I treat my work and my home separately and with individual importance," said Jeanette, looking down at her hands and up at me again in that rather shy, characteristic screen gesture of hers. "One is never permitted to infringe upon the other."

"I really do think that it is impossible to find well-balanced happiness in a career without a home."

"I know that I have found life twice as interesting since I have had a house of my own. Managing a home was something brand new for me. Before my marriage that end of living had always been taken care of by my mother."

"Naturally, at first, attending to menus, watching the marketing, doing the hundred-and-one little things that managing a home implies, was difficult. It was then that I sat down and budgeted my time, dividing it into equal parts."

"Now, even during work days at the studio, I have time to attend to the duties of the house. For instance, I make out my menus for the next day the night before."

Then Jeanette made a brief but

significant reference to her marriage itself.

"When you are successful and encouraged in one venture, it gives you more confidence to attack another," she said.

"My husband is my only audience, and my most important one, for my career as a homemaker. When I succeed in that, it is easier to please my other audiences with performances on the screen. I am absolutely convinced that happiness is the keynote of success."

She leant forward and patted my hand. "There!" she smiled. "That is my life—two definite careers!"

Pride in husband

THEN she began to talk of her husband again, of his new contract with RKO which gives her such pride and satisfaction.

She told me of their "new extravagance"—a swimming pool, which the rest of Hollywood looks on as a necessity, but which the Raymonds have only recently had installed in their garden. And throughout our conversation it was evident that the head of the Ray-

mond household is Mr. Raymond himself.

This brief holiday for Jeanette, spent at home with their people, is what Gene and she prefer. When she returns after tour, there will be taken up again their early morning rides, their quiet evenings at home, their appearance at all concerts and every charity performance, their occasional entertainment—always of a few friends.

At one time Jeanette used to fret because she wasn't "sophisticated enough" by Hollywood standards. She forced herself to go to bright night-clubs, carry a glass of ginger ale around at cocktail-parties (she has never adopted drinking or smoking), and learnt sharp repartee.

When she married Gene she found there was no necessity for playing up to false standards. It has never occurred to Gene that his wife should be "sophisticated."

And Jeanette, who at heart will always be the forthright, principled, and yet shy girl from Philadelphia, broke free from the "smartest sets" with a sigh of relief. In her marriage, as never before in the film colony, or on Broadway, she is able to be herself.

Anna in "No, No, Nanette"



1 TOO SUSCEPTIBLE Jimmy Smith (Roland Young) is henpecked by wife Susan (Helen Broderick), who runs the family finances.



2 ON RECEIPT of a blackmaling note from a dancer he has innocently befriended, Jimmy enlists aid of niece Nanette (Anna).



3 AS THE GIRL demands a part in a musical, Nanette decides to get it for her that night at Susan's birthday party, where Nanette meets artist Tom (Richard Carlson).



4 WHEN the dancer Sonja herself (Tamara) turns up to the party with Jimmy's friend, a musical producer (Vic Mature), Nanette persuades him to put Sonja in his show.



5 FALLEN madly in love with Nanette, Tom is only too ready to help her solve her uncle's problems.



6 NO SOONER is Sonja out of the way than another of Jimmy's past proteges pesters him, so, in a panic, Nanette rushes him to New York.

Hedy Lamarr's

GLAMOR SECRET

The Rouge

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Max Factor Normalizing Cleansing Cream "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

ALLURINGLY beautiful Hedy Lamarr, M.G.M. Star, knows the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick to make her one of the outstanding beauties of the Screen.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood has advised Miss Lamarr and 96% of all the Motion Picture Stars. Women throughout the world are taking advantage of this free offer. You, too, can become more radiant, more charming and more attractive by using the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick made especially for your own individual type. By filling in the coupon below you will receive YOUR own personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart from Max Factor ★ Hollywood.

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ADDRESS	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
CITY OR TOWN	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	Mixed <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD	
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It has a Grey, thick top above and base.

Max Factor, Inc. Majestic Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor purest Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Makeup chart and 40-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Makeup" by Max Factor.

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7 BUT in New York, where Winnie (Eve Arden) threatens to make trouble if Jimmy doesn't get her a job as artist, Nanette decides that Tom must come to the rescue.

STAGE FAVORITE REVIVED

"NO, No, Nanette" is the second of that trio of stage musical comedies which RKO studio has adapted for the screen for English Anna Neagle.

Anna's next is "Sunny," a musical comedy that has enjoyed as big a success on the stage as "No, No, Nanette," and "Irene," in which you saw Anna a few months ago.

RKO bought the rights of "No, No, Nanette" and "Sunny" from Warners. Though both subjects are quite old, the price that Warners collected for them was high. The pair together cost RKO more than £50,000.

This was because MGM executives were also on the track of "No, No,

Nanette." They wanted to buy it for Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.

Anna's leading man in "No, No, Nanette" is personable Richard Carlson. This is Carlson's most important role since he made his debut in Janet Gaynor's "The Young in Heart" a couple of years ago. Carlson has just signed a long-term contract with RKO, and has a big role in the Margaret Sullivan-Charles Boyer film, "Back Street," so it looks as if his new luck will hold good.

In "No, No, Nanette," you'll also see the dancer Tamara, who scored a hit in "Roberta" six or seven years ago. Tamara has the role of a crazy Russian girl, Sonja Sonyavitch.



Precious Charm

To guard your feminine charm, use only a long-lasting perspiration check—one that will not wash off in the bath, that will not fail you in hot weather, during nervous excitement or exercise.

Liquid Odonoro is a doctor's prescription. It safely and surely checks underarm perspiration. It is not quicker to use, but it is *surer*. It comes in two strengths: Regular and Instant.

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1/1, 2/1,
and 3/8.



End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action, other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Night, Distress, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble. The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
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Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 73 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

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Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/1, 2/1, 3/8.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's **Vacuoid** is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vacuoid** is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ SEVEN SINNERS

(Week's Best Release).

Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne. (Universal.)

DIETRICH once again plays the beautiful but cynical woman of many affairs. In her last film, "Destiny Rides Again," she was a dance-hall girl in a western town. In "Seven Sinners," another Pasternak production, she is a cafe entertainer in the East Indies.

Because her beauty has such a disturbing influence on the local males she is deported from one island to another by worried authorities. Then she meets Lieut. John Wayne, who has a brilliant career in the navy ahead of him. John scandalises the navy by his determination to marry her.

Burly Broderick Crawford plays Dietrich's loyal, self-appointed bodyguard. Mischa Auer as a light-fingered magician and Billy Gilbert as a cafe owner share the comedy.

A penny-noveltie tropical romance which is unfolded at a leisurely pace, "Seven Sinners" yet is well acted, has colorful backgrounds and no tears. The cafe brawl at the end is riotously enjoyable. And there are always Dietrich's odd costumes—an amazing collection and an entertainment in themselves. —State; showing.

★ THE MUMMY'S HAND

Dick Foran, Peggy Moran. (Universal.)

A MUMMY that comes to life as well as the less eerie thrills of secret entrances and tunnels is a feature of this "horror" melodrama. The story concerns a pair of young

archaeologists (Dick Foran and Wallace Ford) in Cairo in search of the tomb of an Egyptian princess. En route they team up with an American magician on tour and his attractive young daughter—Peggy Moran.

The magician is our old friend Cecil Kellaway, who at last plays a comedy role.

Reminiscent of "The Mummy," in which Boris Karloff starred seven years ago, this film mixes slapstick with chills. The Mummy itself is played by Tom Tyler in the usual ghoulish way.—Capitol; showing.

MEET THE WILDCAT

Ralph Bellamy, Margaret Lindsay. (Universal.)

A COMEDY mystery melodrama about a girl reporter on the trail of a "scoop."

The action takes place in Mexico City where the police and this girl (Margaret Lindsay) are seeking an art thief, known as the "Wildcat." Mild-mannered Ralph Bellamy is Margaret's chief suspect—how could she?

It has its moments of humor, but a golf escape, engineered by Bellamy, is one of the tallest stories I've watched on the screen.—State; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★ The Great Dictator. Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. —Plaza; 7th week.

★★ 40,000 Horsemen. Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant in magnificent Australian adventure of the Light Horse.—Mayfair; 8th week.

★★ Arise, My Love. Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in fascinating comedy-romance.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average.

★★★ Night Train to Munich. Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison in exciting comedy thriller.—St. James; 2nd week.

★★ Pride and Prejudice. Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in sparkling comedy.—Liberty; 6th week.

★★ The Mark of Zorro. Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell in stirring adventure-drama.—Regent; 3rd week.

Documentary

MEN OF THE LIGHTSHIP
British Department of Information Release.

ONE of the most pathetic incidents of this war, the wanton destruction of the unarmed East Dudgeon Lightship by two Nazi planes, is reconstructed in this amazingly realistic "short" feature.

Directed by David Macdonald, of "This Man Is News," it is released by the Department of Information.

In the dense fog over Dover Straits the men of the East Dudgeon Lightship are awaiting the arrival of the relief crew, when the Nazi planes swoop—machine-gunning and bombing.

It is difficult to believe you are not watching the real lightship and its crew, so natural is the acting of the cast, so vivid the action scenes.—Plaza, Globe, Newslux, State Theatre; showing.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

AN important clause in Shirley Temple's new contract with MGM is that Mrs. Temple will have nothing to say about Shirley's pictures. It will be up to the studio to select the stories, cast the pictures, and have the final word on every problem.

Shirley's salary will be £625 a week. The contract is for one year, and she must work 40 weeks for the studio. Her first picture will probably be "Kathleen." After that she will be launched on the popular "Andy Hardy" series, co-starring with Mickey Rooney.

A HOLLYWOOD art gallery is running an exhibit of drawings and oils by movie stars.

Prominent among the works shown will be Reginald Gardner's painting of Hedy Lamarr. It is

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



done in purples and violets and shows Hedy's bare feet. For reasons known only to the artist, the title of the picture is "Scoop."

Ginger Rogers sent in a charcoal drawing of Madame Ouspenskaya.

On the lighter side is Gracie Allen's surrealist drawing entitled "Dog Watching Men Fight." The picture defies description.

DO you remember "The Trial of Mary Dugan"? It was Norma Shearer's first talkie, and she scored a hit.

This stirring courtroom drama is now being revived, and Laraine Day (of the "Dr. Kildare" series) is the lucky girl who gets the lead. It is a long and difficult role, and a compliment to this little girl.

ALTHOUGH Robert Taylor does some impressive stunt flying in "Flight Command," his studio refuses him permission to fly to Arizona, where he is now making "Billy the Kid."

JIMMY STEWART was among the first group conscripted for army service, but he has been turned down by his local draft board. The reason is underweight.

FOR the second consecutive year American motion picture theatres have voted Mickey Rooney the biggest money-making star. Mickey's closest rival was Spencer Tracy.

The only two feminine personalities among the ten top money-makers were Bette Davis and Judy Garland. Named for the first time as one of the ten best is cowboy Gene Autry.

FRANCHOT TONE sleeps in what is hailed as Hollywood's most luxurious bed. It is ten feet long and eight feet wide, and is overhung by a magenta canopy.

The finest Soap for a lovely baby

Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the sure way of purifying and cleansing the skin.



Cuticura SOAP FOR BABY

if

If you want relief from "regular pain"

★ Poor girl! You wake up as tired as you went to bed. Head still throbbing... Back feeling heavy, dull and aching... Nerves all ragged... and on the verge of tears you have to face another long day's work.

How many young women like yourself are risking jobs and friendships because they let these sufferings due to "regular" pains rob them of their strength and health!

Nature did not mean you to suffer so cruelly. If you would only try Myzone tablets you'd quickly learn that it's old-fashioned to put up with these conditions every month.

Myzone is a wonderful new discovery, made for the special purpose of relieving the pain of menstruation without affecting the natural function, and without the need of drugs or opiates that "dope" and depress the entire system.

Myzone is helping tens of thousands of women through their difficult times each month. Give Myzone the chance to help you... get a box from your chemist to-day, and take a few tablets when you're "not well"—the purse-fitting size should give you four months' comfort and relief.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT

Unightly hairs can be permanently banished simply, painlessly, and without harming the skin by the use of

"VANIX"

This preparation from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler, dermatologist and completely destroys the hair tissue. "VANIX," price 6/9 a bottle (posted 7/1), is obtainable from Ballam Pty. Ltd., 210 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 373 L.L. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Binks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.



'Essential' to hair hygiene.

EVAN WILLIAMS Shampoo.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 200 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

In the Teeth of the Evidence

Continued from page 7

"THERE'D be a smell, of course, but these little garages do often get to smell of petrol, and he kept several cans of the stuff here. More than the legal amount—but that's not unusual, either. Looks to me as though he'd filled up his tank—there are two empty tins near the bonnet, with the caps loose—got in, shut the door, started up the car, perhaps, and then lit a cigarette. Then, if there were any petrol fumes about from a leak, the whole show would go up in his face—whoosh!"

"How was the ignition?"

"Off. He may never have switched it on, but it's quite likely he switched it off again when the flames went up. Silly thing to do, but lots of people do it. The proper thing, of course, is to switch off the petrol and leave the engine running so as to empty the carburettor, but you don't always think straight when you're being burnt alive. Or he may have meant to turn off the petrol and been overcome before he could manage it. The tank's over here to the left, you see."

"On the other hand," said Wimsy, "he may have committed suicide and faked the accident."

"Nasty way of committing suicide."

"Suppose he'd taken poison first?"

"He'd have to stay alive long enough to fire the car."

"That's true. Suppose he'd shot himself—would the flash from the no. that's silly—you'd have found the weapon in the case. Or a hypodermic? Some objection. Prussic acid might have done it—I mean, he might just have had time to take a tablet and then fire the car. Prussic acid's pretty quick, but it isn't absolutely instantaneous."

"I'll have a look for it, anyway," said Dr. Maggs.

"They were interrupted by the constable."

"Excuse me, sir, but I think we've found the tooth. Mr. Lamplough says this is it."

Between his pudgy finger and thumb he held up a small bony object from which a small stalk of metal still protruded.

"That's a right upper incisor crown all right by the look of it," said Mr. Lamplough. "I suppose the cement gave way with the heat. Some cements are sensitive to heat, some, on the other hand, to damp."

Well, that settles it, doesn't it?"

"Yes—well, we shall have to break it to the widow. Not that she can be in very much doubt, I imagine."

Mrs. Prendergast—a very much made-up lady with a face set in lines of habitual peevishness—received the news with a burst of loud sobs.

It was some time before the embarrassed inspector could get any coherent sense from her, and even when she was prepared to talk she remained standing, clutching one of her children in her arms.

The sight of one of the policemen with his notebook and pencil poised ready for action seemed likely to send her off in a fresh hysterical outburst, but the inspector tactfully forestalled it by signalling the man to move behind her back, and so at last managed to get on with his investigations.

Once under way, then, Mrs. Prendergast became voluble. She informed them that Arthur had always been careless about petrol, that he smoked too much, that she

had often warned him about the danger of small saloons, that she had told him he ought to get a bigger car, that the one he had was not really large enough for her and the whole family, that he would drive at night, though she had always said it was dangerous, and that if he'd listened to her it would never have happened.

"Poor Arthur was not a good driver. Only last week, when he was taking us down to Worthing, he drove the car right up on a bank in trying to pass a lorry, and frightened us all dreadfully."

"Ah!" said the Inspector. "No doubt that's how the tank got strained." Very cautiously he inquired whether Mr. Prendergast could have had any reason for taking his own life. The widow was indignant. It was true that the practice had been declining of late, but Arthur would never have been so wicked as to do such a thing. Why, only three months ago, he had taken out a life-insurance for £500, and he'd never have invalidated it by committing suicide within the term stipulated by the policy.

INCONSIDERATE of her as Arthur was, and whatever injuries he had done her as a wife, he wouldn't rob his innocent children.

The Inspector pricked up his ears at the word "injuries." What injuries?

Oh, well, of course, she'd known all the time that Arthur was particularly friendly with that Mrs. Fielding. You couldn't deceive her with all this stuff about teeth needing continual attention. And it was all very well to say that Mrs. Fielding's house was better run than her own. That wasn't surprising—a rich widow with no children and no responsibilities.

If Arthur had wanted things different, he should have been more generous, and it was easy enough for Mrs. Fielding to attract men, dressed up like a fashion-plate. She'd told Arthur that if it didn't stop she'd divorce him. And since then he'd taken to spending all his evenings in town, and what was he doing there—

The Inspector stemmed the torrent by asking for Mrs. Fielding's address.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Prendergast. "She did live at No. 57, but she went abroad after I made it clear I wasn't going to stand any more of it. It's very nice to be some people, with plenty of money to spend. I've never been abroad since our honeymoon."

At the end of this conversation, the Inspector sought Dr. Maggs and begged him to be thorough in his search for prussic acid.

The remaining testimony was that of Gladys, the general servant. She had left Mr. Prendergast's house the day before at 6 o'clock. She was to have taken a week's holiday while the Prendergasts were at Worthing.

SHE had thought that Mr. Prendergast had seemed worried and nervous the last few days, but that had not surprised her, because she knew he disliked staying with his wife's people.

She (Gladys) had finished her work and put out a cold supper and then gone home with her employer's permission.

He had a patient—a gentleman from Australia, or some such a place—who wanted his teeth attended to in a hurry before going off on his travels again.

Mr. Prendergast had explained that he would be working late, and would shut up the house himself, and she need not wait. Further inquiry showed that Mr. Prendergast had "scarcely touched" his supper, being, presumably, in a hurry to get off. Apparently, then, the patient had been the last person to see Mr. Prendergast alive.

The dentist's appointment-book was next examined. The patient figured there as "Mr. Williams 5.30," and the address-book placed Mr. Williams at a small hotel in Bloomsbury.

The manager of the hotel said that Mr. Williams had stayed there for a week. He had given no address except "Adelaide," and had mentioned that he was revisiting the old country for the first time after twenty years, and had no friends in London.

Unfortunately, he could not be interviewed. At about half-past ten the previous night a messenger had called, bringing his card, to pay his bill and remove his luggage. No address had been left for forwarding letters. It was not a district messenger, but a man in a slouch hat and heavy dark overcoat. The night-porter had not seen his face very clearly, as only one light was on in the hall. He had told them to hurry up, as Mr. Williams wanted to catch the boat-train from Waterloo.

Please turn to page 30

HEMSTITCHED PILLOWSLIPS FREE!

DAINTILY EMBROIDERED IN PRETTY LEAF MOTIF

You'll love these fine white pillowslips with their wide hemstitched borders and dainty embroidery! Soft, smooth and finely woven to match your finest sheeting—and such a good big size—21 in. x 31 in. All in the famous "housewife" style without tapes. Yours for only a few wrapper-tops from Sunlight Soap. But start saving now!



36 WRAPPER-TOPS
from only 12 SUNLIGHT SOAP cartons bring you this **HEMSTITCHED PILLOWSLIP**

How to get your Gift

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"—three in each carton). Take these to:—**LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT** 147 York St. (Town Hall End), Sydney

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, write on a small piece of paper your name, address and gift required, enclose with wrapper-tops and address to:—"Sunlight Department", Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4310 YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

IMPORTANT.—Uncertain conditions make this offer subject to alteration without notice.

MANY OTHER FINE GIFTS AVAILABLE

Write to above address for Full Gift List.

3 WRAPPERS WITH EVERY CARTON!

DON'T LET GREY HAIR AGE YOU!

Why sacrifice youth to grey hair? You can recolor your hair with **INECTO RAPID**, just as nature does from inside the hair shaft. It will not fade, wash off, or soil pillows. Absolutely permanent and cannot be detected. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package. Eighteen natural colours to choose from.

INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING

PUBLIC ENEMY No 1



BEFORE FLIES SPREAD
DISEASE

**KILL with
FLY-TOX**

The common house fly is a danger to be dreaded. It is born and bred in filth, and brings its disease-laden body to infect and contaminate our food. If you have been experimenting with cheap, inferior sprays—then get back to Fly-Tox—Fly-Tox is inexpensive because it definitely kills flies, and all other insects.

Back to
FLY-TOX
IT KILLS all INSECTS

6-8-40



**At Last!
HERE'S
EXTRA
MONEY**
making
FRENCH
FLOWERS

In all kinds of materials for dress wear and millinery—so urgently needed as they are not now imported—will bring you in that extra money needed. No experience required. Distances no disadvantage. Materials and working outfit FREE, and OUR SIGNED GUARANTEE assures a market. You earn as you learn. These flowers must be MADE IN AUSTRALIA NOW. We pay forwarding charges on all flowers supplied from any State, and packing cases are free.

LA PAULA ART ACADEMY,
Culliva Chambers, 67 Castlereagh St.,
SYDNEY. Box 22820, G.P.O. Melbourne.
Without obligation to me, please send your
free book showing how I can make extra
money by making flowers for you—also your
MARKETING BOND.

Name
Address W.W. 6/2/41

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of
Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of
liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile
is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest.
It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up
your stomach. You get constipated. Your
whole system is poisoned and you feel sour,
tired and weary and the world looks blue.
Laxatives are only makeshifts. A new
bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It
takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills
to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely
and make you feel "up and up." Harmless,
gentle, yet amazingly making bile flow freely.
Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by
name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6

Women also Serve.

Working to help A.I.F. Engineers

MANY hands are making light work of constructing a big patchwork quilt at the 9th Divisional Engineers' Comforts Fund rooms in Sydney.

Only three months old, the group with Mrs. A. C. Fawcett as president is making an effort to raise funds, and the gift of a number of scraps of material gave the president the idea of making a quilt.

"We have about 40 members who take it in turns to come to the rooms to work," said Mrs. Fawcett.

"When the quilt is completed it will be disposed of, and we have another good plan. We will make a gay dressing-gown out of silk material patches and raise money from that, too."

"Our members bring in home-made jams and pickles to sell at the rooms or among their friends, and one of our keenest workers is Miss A. Pollock, sister of Professor Pollock, who is abroad with the A.I.F. Mining Corps."

"For a fortnight Miss Pollock ran the Comforts Fund rooms on her own."

"We have been making socks, underpants, balaclavas, skull caps, 'dilly' bags and other comforts, and our work is handed straight to the Lord Mayor's Fund for distribution."

"We want the engineers to get the things, but so long as a soldier receives them we are quite happy," said Mrs. Fawcett.

Secretary of the Fund is Mrs. L. Watts, with Mrs. A. C. Boyle as treasurer.

Vice-presidents are Mrs. J. Brewer, Mrs. D. Weingarth, Mrs. C. A. Cottam, and Mrs. J. Mills.



MRS. C. E. WALKER (left), Mrs. E. Macy Frost, and Mrs. A. C. Fawcett inspect progress on the patchwork quilt being made to aid 9th Divisional Engineers' Comforts Fund.

Preparing to make 300 woollen pullovers

THREE hundred hand-knitted pullovers is the big task on which the Women's Auxiliary of the 7th Division Cavalry Regiment are now working. They meet regularly at their rooms in Asbestos House, corner York and Barrack Streets, Sydney.

The honorary secretary (Miss Ruth Jenkins) is making an appeal for all kinds of reading matter—magazines, newspapers, detective stories and other books—to be delivered to their rooms. Also parcels to stock the jumble sale, which will be held on April 4.

Presented knitting machine to coastal war-workers

AT the West Wollongong branch of the Women's Voluntary Services, a knitting machine is kept working every day.

It was the gift of the president, Mrs. C. E. Osborne, and socks are made on it for all the services.

The supervisor of the machine-knitted socks is Mrs. L. Ford.

All comforts are forwarded regularly to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a vice-president, and Miss Wilga Musgrave visit the depot to knit mittens and do the necessary hand finishing of the machine-knitted goods.

Other officials of the large and enthusiastic branch are Miss Alice Musgrave, hon. secretary, and Mrs. W. Buckland, treasurer.

Packing a parcel for the A.I.F.



MISS F. AUSTIN displays a number of small comforts which can be sent to the A.I.F. overseas. Value of the goods is about six shillings, and they can be packed perfectly into a stocking-box.



IN THIS BOX are shaving soap, washing soap, boot polish, writing paper, envelopes, a novel, toothpaste and brush, comb, buttoned coat, bootlaces, chewing gum, razor blades, needles and mending wool, a calendar, and a mirror.

CAREFULLY sealed in white unbleached calico with the seams on the under side, the box of extra-special little comforts is ready for postage to its overseas recipient.



Why is she so chic—so self-possessed—so different?

Her poise is perfect. And her face is as serene as her mind. She has a Creme Simon complexion. She's confident that time's cruel finger cannot age her skin with ugly lines and wrinkles.

CREME SIMON, the different skin-food, used a different way—while your face is damp. Its gentle tonic action keeps skin firm, supple, smooth.

**CRÈME
SIMON**

Small tube, 1/6. Small jar, 3/6.
Large tube, 2/6. Large jar, 5/6.
CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS
ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

**Dangerous
Varicose Veins
Can be Reduced**

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength).

Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

**GREY HAIR
BANISH this
DRAWBACK IN
A MINUTE**

Face to face with your future
you cannot honestly afford to
have GREY HAIR.



**FRENCH
HAIR
RESTORER**

allow this marvellous discovery to banish your grey hair gradually in the privacy of your own home. So easy to use—no messy glycerine or sulphur, but a clean water white lotion.

2/6

Packed in plain package and posted to any address in Australia.

5/-

Medium size.

Please add postage.

Large economical size.

Write NOW to the Emporium in your State.

Beauty Shoppe, Leading Permanent Specialists, JAMES PLACE Adelaide, S. Aus.
Boans Limited, MURRAY STREET Perth, W. Aus.
Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., BRICKFIELD HILL Sydney, N.S.W.
Chemist Shop, Henry Francis & Co. MYER EMPORIUM Melbourne, Vic.
Chemist Shop, Henry Francis & Co. MYER EMPORIUM Adelaide, S. Aus.
Henry Francis & Co., Chemists, 101 COLLINS ST. Melbourne, Vic.
T. C. Beirne Pty., Ltd., BRANSWICK ST. Brisbane, Queensland
Scott's Pty., Ltd., BUNTER STREET Newcastle, N.S.W.

★THE SPOTLIGHT'S
ON YOUR HAIR!

Now he's growing up, he gives his hair the same care as his Dad does!

Barry's Tri-coph-erous ensures the well-groomed, efficient appearance that carries a man far on the road to success. You need no other hair dressing when you use Barry's Tri-coph-erous.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC AND DRESSING
Sold by all Chemists & Stores. 3/- bottle.



HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Constipation clogs the system and causes many ills. Doctors say, "To be healthy you must keep free from constipation." NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative, aids Nature in a natural way. It acts gently and mildly to give you comfortable relief. Easy and pleasant to take, Nyal is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Get NYAL FIGSEN to-day and see how easily this natural laxative will correct constipation and improve your health. Sold by chemists everywhere—1/3d a tin. (The next best thing to Nature...)

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

(This is a genuine untouched photograph of the hands of a martyr to rheumatism)

RHEUMATISM

The terrible penalty of neglect.

Look at those deformed hands . . . fingers knotted and swollen . . . inflamed joints so racked with pain that every movement is torture.

That's just how badly rheumatism, if it is neglected, can cripple anyone.

Rheumatism is caused by weak kidneys failing to remove poisons and impurities from the system, especially uric acid which is deposited in the joints. Gradually the deposits of tiny razor-edged uric acid crystals grow until the joints become inflamed, stiff and enlarged—just like the rheumatic hands shown above. No wonder every movement is agony, when sharp uric acid crystals are tearing into tissue and bone.

De Witt's Pills, by restoring weak kidneys to healthy activity, tackle rheumatic troubles at their very root. With kidneys working normally, uric acid is expelled from the system. The swelling disappears and joints become supple again. Your pain ends, because the cause has been removed.

In 24 hours after the first dose De Witt's Pills give you positive proof, from the changed colour of the urine, that they have reached your kidneys—the root of your rheumatic troubles. That is the first and most important step to end crippling rheumatism.

With pain ended, vigour and vitality will return. Then you will soon be feeling and looking years younger.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Approval No. 173.

Made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/11, and 6/-.

In the Teeth of the
Evidence

Continued from page 28

INQUIRY at the booking-office showed that a Mr. Williams had actually travelled on that train, being booked to Paris. The ticket had been taken that same night. So Mr. Williams had disappeared into the blue, and even if they could trace him it seemed unlikely that he could throw much light on Mr. Prendergast's state of mind immediately prior to the disaster.

It seemed a little odd, at first, that Mr. Williams from Adelaide staying in Bloomsbury should have travelled to Wimbledon to get his teeth attended to but the simple explanation was the likeliest: namely, that the friendless Williams had struck up an acquaintance with Prendergast in a cafe or some such place, and that a casual mention of his dental necessities had led to a project of mutual profit and assistance.

After which, nothing seemed to be left but for the coroner to bring in a verdict of death by misadventure and for the widow to send in her claim to the insurance company, when Dr. Maggs upset the whole scheme of things by announcing that he had discovered traces of a large injection of hyoscine in the body, and what about it?

The Inspector, on hearing this, observed cautiously that he was not surprised. If ever a man had an excuse for suicide, he thought it was Mrs. Prendergast's husband. He thought that it would be desirable to make a careful search among the scorched laurels surrounding what had been Mr. Prendergast's garage. Lord Peter Wimsey agreed, but committed himself to the prophecy that the syringe would not be found.

Lord Peter Wimsey was entirely wrong. The syringe was found next day, in a position suggesting that it had been thrown out of the window after use. Traces of the poison were discovered to be present in it. "It's a slow-working drug," observed Dr. Maggs. "No doubt he jabbed himself, threw the syringe away, hoping it would never be looked for, and then, before he lost consciousness, climbed into the car and set light to it. A clumsy way of doing it." "A darned ingenious way of doing it," said Wimsey. "I don't believe in that syringe, somehow." He rang up his dentist, "Lamplough, old horse," he said, "I wish you'd do something for me. I wish you'd go over these teeth again. No—not my teeth; Prendergast's."

"Oh, blow it!" said Mr. Lamplough, uneasily.

"No, but I wish you would," said his lordship.

Mr. Lamplough, grumbling very much, went down to Wimbledon with Wimsey, and again went through his distasteful task. This time he started on the left side.

"Lower thirteen-year-old molar and second bicuspid filled amalgam. The fire's got at those a bit, but they're all right. First upper bicuspid—bicuspid are stupid sort of teeth—always the first to go. That filling looks to have been rather carelessly put in—not what I should call good work; it seems to extend over the next tooth—possibly the fire did that. Left upper canine, cast porcelain filling on anterior face—"

"Half a jiff," said Wimsey. "Maggs' note says 'fused porcelain.' Is it the same thing?"

"No. Different process. Well, I suppose it's fused porcelain—difficult to see. I should have said it was cast, myself, but that's as may be."

"Let's verify it in the ledger. I wish Maggs had put the dates in—goodness knows how far I shall have to hunt back, and I don't understand this chap's writing or his dashed abbreviations."

"You won't have to go back very far if it's cast. The stuff only came in about 1928, from America. There was quite a rage for it then but for some reason it didn't take on extraordinarily well over here. But some men use it."

"Oh, then it isn't cast," said Wimsey. "There's nothing here about canines, back to '28. Let's make sure: '27, '26, '25, '24, '23. Here you are. Canine, something or other."

"That's it," said Lamplough, coming to look over his shoulder. "Fused porcelain. I must be wrong, then. Easily see by taking it out. The grain's different, and so is the way it's put in."

"How different?"

"WELL," said Mr. Lamplough, "one's a cast, you see."

"And the other's fused. I did grasp that much. But, don't you see, Lamplough, how important it is? If it is cast porcelain, or whatever you call it, it can't have been done in '23. And if it was removed later, then another dentist must have done it. And he may have done other things—and in that case, those things ought to be there, and they're not. Don't you see?"

Mr. Lamplough did not see. Before long, assisted by the hospital dentist, the police and Dr. Maggs at the dental department of the local hospital, he had not only discovered that the filling in question was definitely fused porcelain, but had come upon further inconsistencies that aroused his keen interest.

"Come and look at this, Benton," he addressed the hospital dentist. "Wouldn't you have said this was a very recent filling? Might have been done yesterday. And—here—see? That filling is too high for the job. Wimsey—when was this bottom right-hand molar filled?"

"Two years ago," said Wimsey.

"That's impossible," said the two dentists together, and Mr. Benton added:

"It's a new filling. Never been bitten on, I should say. Look here, Mr. Lamplough, there's something odd here."

"Odd's putting it mildly," said Wimsey, grinning. "You can get out your warrant, Inspector."

"What's that, my lord?"

"Murder," said Wimsey.

"Why?" said the Inspector. "For the murder of Mr. Prendergast? And against whom?"

"No. Against Arthur Prendergast for the murder of one Mr. Williams, and, incidentally, for arson and attempted fraud. And against Mrs. Fielding, too, if you like, for conspiracy. Though you mayn't be able to prove that part of it."

It turned out, when they found Mr. Prendergast in Rouen, that he had thought out the scheme well in advance. The one thing he had had to wait for had been to find a patient of his own height and build, with a good set of teeth and few home ties. When the unhappy Williams had

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS

1—Highlight of recent news concerned the first member of the British Army to enter Tobruk. He was

A member of the A.I.F. on a special reconnaissance expedition—a member of the Sudanese regular Army—an R.A.F. driver who drove through the outer defences by mistake—an Australian airman who bailed out over the city.

2—No, the moon doesn't look so very large up there. Actually, compared with the earth, it is Larger—much the same size—smaller.

3—Is there an air mail service between Australia and Tasmania? Yes—no.

4—Talking of mails, Australia's Postmaster-General is Mr. Cameron—Senator McBride—Mr. McEwen—Senator McLeay—Mr. Harrison.

5—Sarsaparilla, that so tasty drink, is made from Stewed nettle leaves—the bark of a tropical tree—the dried roots of a tropical plant—the bean of a small flowering shrub.

6—Answer this one all by yourself—and without a pause! What is the capital of Rumania?

7—"We are not interested in possibilities of defeat." Grand words those, and they were spoken by

Queen Victoria, on receiving news of British reverses in the South African War—Alexander the Great, approaching the Far East—Robert Lord Clive before Plassey—Napoleon to his Generals—William Pitt, shortly before Trafalgar.

8—The famous "Alice in Wonderland" illustrations were done by Lewis Carroll—Ernest Shepard—Sir John Tenniel—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

9—Familiar, reassuring, London's famous Big Ben sends its chimes out across the world. It was called "Ben," incidentally, after

One of the workmen who cast the bell—Benjamin Disraeli—a Cockney caretaker who tended the clock for nearly fifty years—Sir Benjamin Hall, Commissioner of Works at the time the bell was cast.

10—Spokeshave? Yes, of course, it's a Sort of plane, used especially for curved surfaces—part of the axle of a carriage—base of a steamer's funnel—portion of the framework of a loom.

Answers on page 28.

fallen into his clutches, he had few preparations to make. Mrs. Prendergast had to be packed off to Worthing—a journey she was ready enough to take at any time—and the maid given a holiday. Then the necessary dental accessories had to be prepared and the victim invited out to tea at Wimbledon.

Then the murder—a stunning blow from behind, followed by an injection. Then, the slow and horrid process of faking the teeth to correspond with Mr. Prendergast's own. Next, the exchange of clothes and the body carried down and placed in the car. The hypodermic put where it might be overlooked on a casual inspection and yet might plausibly be found if the presence of the drug should be discovered; ready, in the one case, to support a verdict of accident and, in the second, of suicide.

Then the car was soaked in petrol, the union loosened, the cans left about. The garage door and window left open, to lend color to the story and provide a draught, and finally, light set to the car by means of a

train of petrol laid through the garage door. Then, flight to the station through the winter darkness and so by underground to London. The risk of being recognised on the underground was small, in Williams' hat and clothes and with a scarf wound about the lower part of the face.

The next step was to pick up Williams' luggage and take the boat-train to join the wealthy and enamored Mrs. Fielding in France. After which, Williams and Mrs. Williams could have returned to England, or not, as they pleased.

"Quite a student of criminology," remarked Wimsey, at the conclusion of this little adventure. "Pity he overlooked that matter of the cast porcelain. Makes a quicker job, does it, Lamplough? Well, more haste, less speed. I do wonder, though, at what point of the proceedings Williams actually died."

"Shut up," said Mr. Lamplough, "and, by the way, I've still got to finish that filling for you."

(Copyright)



HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]

Must fashion turn to short evening frocks?

I DO not think we should revert to short frocks for evening wear, Mrs. F. Gall (18/1/41), as they are not nearly so graceful.

If we have to save on material because of the war it would be better to have fewer dresses.

I have some photos of brides who wore short frocks with veils during the last war, and they certainly lack the grace and good appearance of the present-day brides, with their long frocks.

Mrs. Ina Smith, 25 Stanley St., Randwick, N.S.W.

More economy

ECONOMY could be practised by women in frocking. The Australian climate is scarcely suitable for long flowing draperies. Summer heat and dust and winter rains soil the hems and frills.

In order to balance the budget, economy must be stringently practised, so girls should cut down on the length of their frocks. They will look just as attractive in shorter evening gowns.

Mrs. Nancy Wayne, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney.

Modern style best

IT would be a pity to alter the shape and length of evening dresses, which are elegant and graceful.

Some years ago the dresses were



Long skirts more graceful.

worn short for economical reasons, and in the end they were cut so much it was hard to tell whether they were swimsuits or underwear. Let the women take care of their frocks and make them last two seasons, which would be just as saving.

Roma Thomas, 3 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

Vary monotony

THE present evening frocks are not so expensive because many people make their own, and there is a tendency to use less costly material than formerly.

If the frocks were made shorter and not so wide, the result would be an ordinary dress.

Most women give liberally to war funds, and many belong to various leagues which have a set uniform.

Surely we cannot deny them the pleasure of a long frock which is a change from everyday dress.

Miss E. Flett, Sydney St., Redcliffe, Qld.

Covers up defects

THERE is the daytime for short frocks, but let girls "go graceful" in the evenings at least. Long evening frocks cover up leg defects, which on the dance floor is a boon.

If the thousands of girls wearing long evening frocks economised by wearing only half the material, thousands of yards less would be sold. This would be very serious to trade, and wouldn't help the war effort at all.

There have been too many skimpy narrow frocks in the past.

Gale Nelson, Astor Tce., Brisbane.

So They Say

TOPICAL NAMES

SOME parents give their children most remarkable Christian names. A topical event apparently prompts them to act impulsively, and they overlook the fact that a name once given endures through life.

Two children recently born have been named in honor of the British victory in Libya. A boy has been christened John Bardia and a girl Nancy Bardia. Surely this is not sensible.

Mrs. C. E. Stirling, King and Scott Sts., Belterive, Tas.

RIGHT TO TITLE

SHOULD a stepmother insist on the children of her predecessor calling her "mother"?

However much a stepmother may care for the children of her husband and his former wife, she has no more right to adopt the title of "mother" where they are concerned than one soldier has to wear the medal won by another.

Certainly she is entitled to the children's love and respect if she earns it, but that spiritual and physical bond conveyed by the word "mother" cannot be transferred or broken.

Mrs. P. Foster, Holme St., Brighton, Sandgate, Qld.

GOOD GROOMING

I HAVE noticed that English and American women walk out perfectly groomed, while 80 per cent. of Australian women come dashing out pulling on their gloves in the street.

Surely a few extra minutes to finish their toilet indoors would be well spent.

Miriam Clark, 14 Grandview St., Naremburn, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

DUTY TO GUESTS?

DURING a holiday I stayed with friends and noticed that when extra guests arrived unexpectedly beds were given up to accommodate these guests.

The family, or those whose beds were occupied, slept on uncomfortable couches or on cushions on the floor.

This did not seem fair—I thought the unexpected visitors should be the ones to have the uncomfortable beds, not members of the family.

Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

HAVE HEALTH TEST

TO-DAY, when disease can often be prevented, why is it not made compulsory that each individual be examined, say, once a year or every two years?

I heard of a man who, after being examined, found he had consumption, and until then was quite unaware of it.

An earlier examination would have helped this man before the disease established itself.

Surely such a method would raise the standard of health and help to build an A1 nation of Britons.

Mrs. G. Chambers, Ward 6, Moira Private Hospital, Kendal St., Cowra, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Your names are not permitted and letters must be original. For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

New value of the ordinary things

TO the wartime virtues of courage and optimism should be added another—that of appreciation.

So few people to-day take time to note the beauties of peaceful summer days, sunsets, and starlit skies.

When one thinks of those "over there" who cannot see their sunsets for smoke-screens, or hear the bird songs for bomb sirens, then these peaceful, commonplace things of our every day take on a new value.

The time may come when we will wish that we had appreciated nature's beauty when we had the opportunity.

£1 for this letter to Miss Doris Just, St. Vincent's Hospital, Toowoomba, Qld.

General reaction to equal pay for men and women

MANY men would like women's wages to be brought to the level of their own, Mr. Middleton (18/1/41).

More men might then be employed where many girls are now.

I think it is mainly for this reason that we are content to put up with what Mr. Middleton calls the low wages.

Miss J. E. Taylor, 165 Asling St., Gardenvale 84, Vic.

Useless plea

MR. MIDDLETON is right when he says that women have gained equality with men in practically every walk of life, but, unfortunately, it is usually only women who realise this.

Men still like to feel that they are the superior sex, and as women have proved themselves equal in every other way I expect the higher salary is man's only method of showing his superiority.

Miss T. Smith, Box 336C, G.P.O., Adelaide.

COUNTRY PUBLICITY

WHY is so much publicity given to the seaside in holiday time? One can spend a delightful time in the country, either shooting, hiking, swimming, or picnicking, so why not publicise our bush?

A photograph of a young hiker on a cool country road would look as captivating as the usual beach girl on magazine covers or posters.

Mrs. T. B. Dixon, Glaralger, Coronation Drive, Milton W2, Brisbane.

HOUSEWORK PROBLEM

COUNTRY people very often complain that they cannot get girls to help in the home.

This is mostly because they expect the girls to work continuously from the time they get up until they drop exhausted into bed.

Is it any wonder that girls go to shops and factories, where they have time off, during which they can do as they please, and take some recreation?

Miss E. B. Rogers, Riverbrook, via Narrandera, N.S.W.

SHARE IN WAR WORK

A YOUNG mother of my acquaintance is perturbed because her domestic duties preclude her participation in patriotic affairs. With two brothers on active service, her conscience is upbraiding her for her inactivity.

With so many avenues of service open it is difficult to know where one's duty lies.

But the woman who is keeping a home together and rearing a family is doing her bit for her country equally as though she were in the front line.

Miss J. Arthur, c/o Mrs. Maddern, 6 Fisher St., Norwood, S.A.

AVOID THAT KISS

PERSONALLY I don't like to see women kiss when they meet. A handshake is all right, but a warm, genuine smile is usually sufficient.

However, I don't agree with the criticism given to "the silly little peck" which is often exchanged. Women usually wear lipstick, so a truly sisterly kiss would be ruinous to make-up.

Eve Merritt, 10 Cambridge Flats, Bourke and Liverpool Sts., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

Hide and seek at table to avoid flowers

WHAT a pity to spoil an otherwise well-set table by large bowls of flowers which obscure the view of guests, Miss Y. McNamee (18/1/41).

Flower-bowls which hold short-stemmed flowers can be obtained for a reasonable price and are very decorative.

They enhance the beauty of the shining cutlery, the snowy table-linen, and, what is more important, give an unlimited view to all the guests at the table.

Mrs. F. A. Schoenheimer, 11 Parkview St., Milton W2, Brisbane.

Study etiquette

ETIQUETTE demands that each person seated at a meal should, without any effort, be able to see the rest of the party. The floral scheme, therefore, must be sufficiently high, as in the case of a palm, to look under or low enough to look over.

Mrs. P. Monaghan, Minnamurra St., Kiama, N.S.W.

Use float-bowls

A TALL vase of flowers on a dining table can be very embarrassing at times, but a small float-bowl of blooms, or even a bowl of fruit, can improve the appearance immensely. This is especially the case if they



Has grand view of the—flowers.

harmonise with the cloth or dinner service.

Miss N. Elms, 56 Citizen St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Can be moved

IF when dining with one other person the flowers are in the way, they can be moved to one side with little trouble.

At a big dinner party one can talk more easily to guests seated on one's right and left than by semi-shouting across the table, even if the flowers do not constitute a barrier.

Mrs. J. Lloyd, Hesse St., Queenscliff, Vic.

Everywhere Women are Raving About This Amazing New Type Shampoo



IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered
with cloudy film.



CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film, hair soft,
shining like silk.

It's not a soap! Not an oil!

Yet it makes dull hair gleam with life and lustre . . . and costs as little as 1½d. a shampoo

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing new type Shampoo . . . no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average hair into a brilliant, glistening halo.

Try it soon—see how beautiful, how radiant your hair really can be!

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. It isn't oil, it isn't soap—it

isn't anything you've heard of before! Scientists have brought us something brand-new, a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly you get a glorious bubbly foam in any kind of water—five times more than soap lather. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once, and you're through.

"What?" you say. "No second rinses, no vinegar or special after-rinses?"

No, not one extra-rinse! That's the marvellous part. This wonderful shampoo—Colinated "foam" Shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unattractive film ordinary alkaline soap lather or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So, your hair can be always radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Even more amazing, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated "foam" Shampoo the most economical you've ever used—only half a teaspoonful gives you the finest shampoo you've ever had. All chemists and toilet counters.

Tough CORNS

Good advice to sufferers on how to wither up Corns so they come out easily and painlessly . . .

"Yes, he was bothered with hard, throbbing, burning corns—but they didn't last long," said his friend.

If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Frost-It on them. It's the new-type, safe anaesthetic action and does not spread on to surrounding

ing healthy tissue. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips.

Go get a small bottle of Frost-It to-day from your nearest chemist or store and get rid of corns—core and all.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



Give your soldier the handy package of Frost-It—make marching easier.

A SCREEN STAR HAS TO HAVE A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN. I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP. IT MAKES A WONDERFUL BATH SOAP, TOO. YOU'LL LOVE THE WAY IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND REALLY SWEET

Actual statement by
LINDA DARNELL
20th Century Fox Star
in "Brigham Young"



I USE THE SAME LOVELY SOAP AS LINDA DARNELL AND I LOVE EVERY SINGLE THING ABOUT IT... THE GORGEOUSLY SOFT, CREAMY LATHER, THE SWEET DELICATE FRAGRANCE AND THE WAY EACH TABLET OF LUX TOILET SOAP LASTS SIMPLY AGES.

For your daily beauty bath... long lasting

LUX TOILET SOAP

Take your daily bath with Lux Toilet Soap... just as if you were a famous star. Cream yourself all over luxuriously with this unique supercreamed lather, so fragrant and softening to your skin. Economical because it lasts so well.



You cream as you wash—with Supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Germolene

Soothes

at a Touch

SKIN OINTMENT



GERMOLENE soothes instantly! The moment it is applied irritation ceases... throbbing pain dies away... 'burning' and smarting are ended! THEN the wonderful new healing 'magic' begins to work! Pimples, spots, and blotches are cleared away rapidly! 24 hours will show an amazing difference. Skin diseases which have persisted for years, shocking rashes which had spread all over the body, deep open wounds, poisoned, inflamed swollen places, Ulcers which had defied all other treatments... all these have healed! And YOU need not continue to suffer! Whatever your skin complaint... try Germolene NOW... this very day, this very minute if you can!

From all Chemists and Stores. Prices 1/7 and 2/8
Agents:—H. F. RITCHIE (Australia) (Pty.) Ltd., 350/354 William Street, Melbourne

Campaign in Abyssinia

Continued from page 5

IN those days it was a native village on the northern face of a rocky escarpment that dropped away to jungle reaching no man knew how far. A stream tumbled down the steep slope, and the woods to the north had been full of leopards and jungle tribes that harried the more or less settled folk of Sadwa.

Now, I understood, the natives were mostly gone, and the new fort held a garrison of six or seven hundred men, whose rifles the jungle tribes greatly coveted. The garrison stayed inside the walls except for trying to keep open the road north to Bako. Bako was an important town, as towns go in Abyssinia. The Italians had made it a district military headquarters, a centre for supplies and reinforcements.

Now, it would have been very like Crashaw to attempt a demonstration against Sadwa, with forty men or with four. When he spoke of finding work for the patrol, it wasn't only to keep up the morale of the natives. His own lust for action was just as great as theirs.

I don't know what his half-formed plans were, but in any case he abandoned them for the time. Twenty miles south of Sadwa, in our own territory, we took a prisoner.

The natives heard him blundering through the undergrowth, lay in wait for him and brought him in. He was a sight! When they dragged him up before Crashaw, his mouth was open in a silent yammer of terror. He must have been lost for days, to reduce a once-natty uniform to that state of ragged filth.

We gave him whisky and food and put him to bed. It wasn't till next morning that we heard his story.

I got it from Crashaw, who, among other accomplishments, has a confident smattering of Italian. Our man was a lieutenant from the garrison at Sadwa. He had been sent out to reconnoitre, down toward the Kenya border, and had strayed away from his command somehow.

While his terror of the jungle and wild beasts and tribesmen was still upon him, Crashaw found out much that interested us deeply, as follows:

"THEY sent him down this way because they are waiting for an attack from Kenya. What did I tell you—that they would stand on the defensive? They don't know how many men we have and don't greatly care. What they expect and dread is that we'll stir up the Abyssinian tribes, arm them, and lead them in a revolt.

"You ought to listen to our fellow. Apparently, when he realised that he'd lost his bearings, he went fairly blind with fear. He fully expected the natives would collar him and pop him into a stewpot. He braced up once he'd been captured. Now he's taken to insulting us and our chances. We're going to keep him; he might come in handy."

"What's his name?"

"Bentolozzi, or something of the sort. Briggs calls him Little Ben. The man keeps insisting that we call him tenente, which is to say lieutenant. He thinks us very informal. The military mind—"

"Don't start on that again! What about Sadwa?"

"A regular Gibraltar, according to Little Ben! Though he wouldn't have said so before he got a look at us. The fact is, Sadwa seems to have been suffering from a bad attack of nerves ever since war was declared. So much so that there's a column coming down from Bako to reinforce the garrison. It's supposed to be on its way now."

Crashaw broke off to stare at me, and I could tell that the germ of some outlandish idea was stirring in his mind. Hastily I said: "It's more than likely he was lying!"

"My dear chap, not in the blue funk Little Ben was in!"

"Well, then I concede the reinforcing column! Just as I'd concede a steam roller if I happened to be riding a bike on the same stretch of road. Our only interest in it is to keep out of its way. Isn't that so?"

Crashaw hadn't been listening. He said: "It's astonishing how much better Little Ben feels since he's seen us. He quite sneers at Kenya now."

"Good heavens, man, didn't you tell him we were only a scouting party?"

"Afraid I didn't, no."

"Then you'd better chain him to one of the screw guns! If he gets

free and takes that story back to Sadwa—"

"Yes, I thought of that," Crashaw grinned.

"I don't see anything very funny in it! Heaven knows, we're weak enough, without having our weakness advertised. Where do we go from here? What next?"

"The column, of course!" Crashaw looked surprised. "We'll go and harry their line of march."

"With forty men?"

"Since we have no more. As a matter of fact— But I haven't quite made up my mind about that."

"About what?"

"An idea I had, I told you we'd have to improvise on this campaign."

I have not been Crashaw's constant companion all these years without being able to recognise now the signs of intense mental activity in him. I knew that he was making up his mind on a knotty point. I knew that the plan he evolved would be brilliant; all Crashaw's plans are that. But I was by no means sure that it would be practicable, and when we began marching north, fetching a wide compass about Sadwa, I was filled with forebodings.

We were in enemy country, too close for comfort to Sadwa itself

there. And when we awoke in the early morning, Little Ben was gone.

That was the last straw, and I went to Crashaw with a demand for instant withdrawal. "Unless some blessed leopard has eaten him, he's back in his garrison by now and they know all about us! They'll send a company north and roll us up against that column from Bako. The only thing in our favor is that they don't know how strong we are—or how weak!—and we've tossed that away. Let's clear out. I shan't relish being led in triumph by Little Ben."

"Nor I. We shan't be, either. I'll bet you a fiver on that. But it means a hard day's work. I want you to listen very carefully to what I'm going to say. Orders, by the way!"

Just as I know the signs of deep thought in Crashaw, so do I know the signs of fixed resolve, when he has made up his mind. I had a partial inspiration, and I said: "Wait! Did you set Little Ben free?"

"I saw him making off. I even got a shot at him. You were dead tired; you didn't hear it."

"How far away was he when you fired?"

"Fifty yards, perhaps. He let out a most unheroic screech, but he didn't stop!"

Crashaw had answered my question. If he had missed at that easy range, if he hadn't sent the natives out after the fugitive, it was because he wanted the man to escape. And go back to Sadwa as hard as he could pelt with the tidings of our hopeless inferiority. It must be part of the plan Crashaw had in mind.

I said, "You spoke about orders?"

"Ah, yes! We're parting company here, you and I. You take Briggs and twenty men and go north until you make contact with that column from Bako. Don't show yourselves; you're to fight a withdrawing action, back along the way you went. Keep peppering at them, but never come to grips. They won't know how many men you've got, so you shouldn't have too much trouble with them. Is that all clear?"

It was clear enough, but fantastic, too! Still, I merely nodded.

"What about you?" I asked. "Where will you be? And where am I to meet you?"

"If all goes well, I'll join forces with you just about where we are now. By my reckoning, the column from Bako ought to be approximately the same distance from here as Sadwa is. And I'm off for Sadwa. I'm going to stir up the garrison a little, and see whether I can make them come out after me."

"Good Lord! After what Little Ben tells them—"

"Yes, I thought of that. I'm even counting on it. But we'll discuss it later on, shall we?" He held out his hand, smiling. "Good luck, old fellow!"

I tried reminding myself that we were an obscure and unimportant part of a very large and imposing war. Compared with our immediate enemies, compared with anyone, we were shabby, ill-equipped soldiers and few in numbers. It couldn't greatly matter what happened to a handful like us. But since I failed utterly to persuade myself, I am evidently not of the stuff from which they make heroes or philosophers.

The plain fact is that I was badly worried, and worse frightened.

Please turn to page 34

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Gives Finer FLAVOUR to SALADS



Is mothering good for babies?



INFANT WELFARE

organisations have made life safer for thousands of babies like these. Dr. Josephine Baker (in circle) who pioneered this work in New York saw the infant death-rate reduced by two-thirds during her thirty years' fight for special care for mothers and babies.

"Yes," says woman doctor who saved 90,000 infant lives

Is "mothering" good for babies?

Some authorities say "No," that a baby should be treated as impersonally as a goldfish in a bowl.

Others go to the other extreme, "mothering" a baby so relentlessly that if he could speak the baby would probably say, "I want to be alone."

DR. JOSEPHINE BAKER says a certain amount of "mothering" is good for a baby. She should know. She guarded the health of New York's babies for nearly 30 years.

When she was appointed to the New York Department of Health in the summer of 1901, 1500 babies a week were dying of dysentery.

She founded and directed the child welfare section of the department, and is credited with saving the lives of 90,000 babies.

In her entertaining autobiography, "Fighting for Life," Dr. Baker tells this story as proof that "mothering" is good for babies.

The death-rate in one of New York's largest founding hospitals was so high that she was called in. Fifty per cent. of the babies were dying, although they had the best of care under ideal hospital conditions.

"Then something which had been vaguely in my mind for some time began to take definite form, something deriving from the curious fact that, although you could make big dents in the infant death-rate in tenement districts, there did not seem to be much to do about the rate in wealthy districts.

"Sometimes it really looked as if a baby brought up in a dingy tenement room had a better chance to survive its first year, given reasonable care, than a baby born with a silver spoon in its mouth and taken care of by a trained nurse who knew all the latest hygienic answers.

"We started taking these findings, every other one of whom was doomed to die before the year was

out, and boarding them with tenement mothers—actually removing them from the admirable conditions of the hospital and exposing them to the hazards of slum conditions. "Poor mothers, who had already had experience in raising families under supervision of the Bureau of Child Hygiene, were paid ten dollars a month to become foster mothers of founding babies until they were well started on the problem of staying alive.

"We chose our foster mothers carefully and gave them the necessary supervision and aid of a trained staff of doctors and nurses, but even so we did not expect the results we got.

"In four years we had only one founding in three dying, where one in two had died before.

"Similar treatment was tried for the hopeless cases among prematurely-born foundlings.

"The foster mothers worked miracles. We reduced the death-rate among these hopeless cases from practically one hundred per cent. to a little over fifty per cent. in one year.

"That was why I became and still am a firm believer in 'mothering' for babies—old-fashioned, sentimental 'mothering,' the kind the psychologists decry.

"A baby may still be unable to talk, walk, or do anything but feed and cry and kick, but he nevertheless needs that sense of being at home in a new world which only fond personal attention from his mother or the psychological equivalent can give him."

"Fighting For Life." By Josephine S. Baker (Robert Hale). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



Ends HOT BURNING FEET - in 3 seconds

Foot secret of ancient desert tribes now brings YOU relief in three short seconds!

When your feet seem on fire, and swollen, aching tissues seem to burst your shoes... that's when you need Frostene... magic new foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh, those soothing, cooling healants used by ancient Eastern kings to heal foot tortures caused by fiery desert sands. Just rub in this refreshing vanishing cream—in three seconds feel its penetrating antiseptic unguents start to draw out all the pain and fire.

Frostene sinks deep into inflamed congested tissues, reduces swelling, stops the throbbing ache. Now all chemists sell magic-acting Frostene in good-size tubes. Greaseless, stainless. Get some to-day... rub in night and morning, enjoy foot comfort all through the longest summer day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



MY WIFE "NERVY!"

Tom Hunt couldn't understand it. He and Edna were the happiest married couple you could imagine. Then, under to-day's extra strain, Edna began to develop "nerves"...



Ragged, jumpy nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you feel tired all the time, even wake up tired, get run down, and your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. Your sleep will be really beneficial and recuperative. This nourishing, well balanced food gives you the extra vitality necessary to keep your nerves calm and steady.

HORLICKS

Fixed from 1/8s economy size, 2/9. Special peak with mixer, 2/9.

guards against NIGHT-STARVATION helps resist the strain



Campaign in Abyssinia

Continued from page 32

Of all the wild schemes I had ever heard of, even from Crashaw, this upon which we were engaged was the worst!

What I foresaw was a day of harassing the Italians, as they advanced from two directions, then my meeting with Crashaw and a wild scramble to escape under cover of darkness. We could hope to inflict some losses upon them, but we might have done that far more easily and safely and effectively. I had to suppose that Crashaw had something a good deal better than that in mind. But what was it? What was Crashaw's game? Above all, why in the name of reason had he let Little Ben escape?

My unanswered questions gnawed at my mind all that morning while we plodded north along the Bako road. It came as a relief, just after midday, when one of my twenty came back with word that the Italians were coming. We spread out on both sides of the narrow trail, taking cover, and waited for them.

I don't think I can be called bloodthirsty, but that was one day when I relished the prospect of fighting. When you are fighting you do not torment yourself with futile questions. You do not, in my case, even have time to wonder how Crashaw is faring in his harder task.

And yet, as soon as the first shots were fired, I had cause to remember Crashaw. It was something he had said about the military mind and its insistence upon parade-ground evolutions. We heard bells ripple down the long lines of their troops, and the chug-chugging of their supply-train tractors stopped. Their advance guard fanned out on both sides of the trail, in the style inculcated by all the manuals, and crawled slowly forward, feeling its way.

There was much shouting, and presently they unlimbered machine-guns and blazed away with them. But we were a mile nearer Sadwa by then, waiting for the column in a new position. It took them nearly an hour to come up within rifle shot.

MY natives were enjoying this, and so was I. We had slowed the column's advance to a crawl. It was clear enough that they took us for the outposts of a strong force and feared that they would blunder into a main body of troops, drawn up on ground of its own choosing.

They came forward very slowly, not showing themselves on the open, narrow trail, and the next stand we made threw them into a kind of momentary panic. They fell back, and we heard shrieks that could only mean casualties.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and at this rate we should never reach the place where I had parted from Crashaw by sundown. But I was sure that Crashaw and his twenty would be moving more quickly than we were, with a far more confident enemy in pursuit. He might even have reached the place of our proposed rendezvous by now, and be coming up our way.

I never knew the long African afternoon to pass more quickly. It was hard, unending work, and my uniform was drenched with sweat, filthy from wriggling along under cover. I had a raging thirst, and no chance to slake it. I wanted to smoke, and couldn't. Once the Italians opened fire with a heavier machine-gun, caught two of my natives incautiously standing up, and dropped them with bullets through their heads. Their comrades snatched the precious rifles of the dead men and continued their orderly retreat. I had cause to marvel and rejoice at their coolness and prompt obedience.

If I had had a thousand, or even a hundred—The sun had been overhead when we began our retreat. Now it was far down on the left, and the brief twilight was coming. Whenever we withdrew I listened anxiously for the faint rattle of firing behind us, and just before sunset I caught it. Briggs heard it, too, and his face wore a wide grin.

"That's 'im, then, sir!" he croaked. "That's Major Crashaw right enough, and just at the best time o' day! We'll be off, and leave them a-wonderin' what's 'appened us. You'll see, sir! Smart man, the major! Oh, very smart!"

We met at an open place in the trail, when there was just light enough to see by. Crashaw looked a scarecrow, and so did I, I dare say.

He wasted no time on civilities. "Off to the west there, and be quick!" he gasped. "How far away is the column?"

"Nearly a mile. And the ones from Sadwa?"

"About the same. That's splendid, but hurry! We can talk about it afterwards. Single file, and as quietly as you can manage. By the Lord, I believe we've pulled it off!"

He hurried us away before I could ask what it was that we had pulled off. He didn't let us stop until we were nearly a mile west of the trail, and by then the deep darkness had come down. No one could follow our track at night, and we had left only a faint track anyway. I thought the day's work must be over at last, and a good day's work it had been—a daring and prolonged raid into the enemy's country, with his losses far in excess of ours.

The men flung themselves down, in all the unstudied postures of weariness. But Crashaw muttered, in a hoarse, grating voice, "It's got to come off now—it's just got to!"

"What has to come off?" I asked, astonished. "Isn't it enough that

He grabbed my shoulder, and it ached for long minutes afterward. "There!" he cried, and his voice was half hope, half triumph. "There! That's what I wanted!"

It began as faint, scattering rifle fire, every shot clear in the vast silence of the night. You could hear another wave of firing answer the first, then the two melted into one and grew louder and deeper. Our natives sat up, chattering and pointing in amazement, their weariness forgotten. I said to Crashaw, "What is happening? What sort of ghastly mistake have they made? Those two Italian columns are firing at each other!"

"And each of them thinks the other is us!"

He struck a light for his pipe—it was safe enough now—and I saw his intent face and his eyes squinted against the flare of the match. I knew then what Crashaw's game had been, from the first, but it was one of those things you know without believing. It simply couldn't be true!

I said flatly, "That's impossible!" "Is it?" Crashaw flicked the match out, and became only a strained voice out of the darkness, but a voice with the ring of conviction and triumph in it. "Is it? The proof's there, if you listen! Remember that the column you were fighting knew nothing of your strength. They may think they've only now come up with your main body. Remember that even my playmates may consider I was enticing them into just such a pickle as this."

"It's black night, and the lull when we slipped away might well have been only one more of those withdrawals of ours, that both

bands of our enemies had come to expect. Mightn't it?"

He gave me a moment to turn all that over in my mind. Then he said, "It's an idea that isn't in any of the manuals, and so those Italian colonels won't think of it! Who ever heard of troops marching out of a fortress to attack a reinforcing column? Not the military mind, you can bet! Remember, too, that, once battle is joined, it is fought out. You don't send a white flag with a request that your enemy be pleased to identify himself to avoid possible error. Especially when there's growing panic on both sides, and a conviction that they've been led into a trap."

"No, you ask no questions; you fight like a cornered animal, for your life!"

We heard the tumult of the fighting rise in a new crescendo, die away a little, then rise again. We crouched where we were, as insignificant a troop as ever set hundreds fighting and caused losses to their enemies out of all proportion to their own numbers. We waited, forgetting our weariness and thirst, and listened to the merciless roar of a battle that must have snuffed out our handful within five minutes.

THE hours crawled by, and Briggs was trying to compute the Italian losses. Then, just after midnight, the uproar of the firing shifted a little towards the north.

At first we thought it might be a change in the wind, but the natives swore it wasn't. In a few minutes the movement grew unmistakable, even to a white man's ears. Besides, the pace of the shift quickened; the withdrawal became a hurried retreat, then rout and panic. We heard what was left of the battle move swiftly up the Bako road, dying away from a roar to a mutter, then to silence. And presently, when our scouts came back to report the field deserted by the living, we went down to look.

What we saw bears description only in round numbers. Briggs guessed the Italian dead at several hundred, lumping together the losses of both sides. The expenditure of material must have been serious, too, in so remote a section. As for the clamor when the vast blunder of that night's work became plain, I can only guess at that.

But, war being what it is, I do maintain that our branch of the Kenya Volunteers had done very well. And I set down this account of our doings for the benefit of that brigadier who told us we could not hope to win a pitched battle, who assured us that the best wishes he bestowed were flatly opposed to his reasonable expectations.

As Crashaw said, there may have been a brigadier among the Italians, too.

(Copyright)

GWEN'S
ALL OUT TO
GET HER MAN
THIS TIME

BUT THE SILLY GIRL IS
RISKING PERSPIRATION
ODOUR IN UNDIES. THIS'LL
BE ANOTHER BLIGHTED
ROMANCE IF SHE DOESN'T
WAKE UP AND LUX US.

Daintiness attracts men...

be a **LUX**
CHANGE DAILY
GIRL

POP YOUR UNDIES STRAIGHT INTO LUX AFTER
WEARING, TO WHISK OUT PERSPIRATION
BEFORE IT SETS AND GETS STALE. KEEPS
YOU DAINTY...KEEPS
YOUR UNDIES LIKE NEW

LUX saves
stocking ladders
too... does not
contain soda



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Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with offensive, infectious and offensive mucus. All you do is take 2 tasteless tablets with food and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolve. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma: (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, re-balanced blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, true breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. A.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 28 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a God-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 25 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes ... 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

BOVRIL prevents that sinking feeling



At any hour, day or night, Bovril is ready in a moment to cheer, to comfort and to stimulate you. Now, more than ever, you need Bovril. It helps you to get full nourishment from all your food and makes you stronger, fitter and more cheerful.

There is plenty of **BOVRIL**
and plenty more coming

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Normally, the present period would be quite fortunate for the average Aquarian, but this year things may be chaotic.

CONSEQUENTLY venture-someness is not advisable for Aquarians (people born between January 20 and February 19), also most Taurians, Leonians and Scorpions. All these people are suffering under the upsetting radiations of a planetary aspect of great strength and eruptiveness.

This is the conjunction of Jupiter, the planet of good fortune, and Saturn, the planet of sorrow and restriction.

It is difficult for two such planets to meet on common ground. However, for a few individuals (those with Saturn and Jupiter presenting a fortunate aspect in their individual star-maps), the radiations can produce a type of slow-moving, long-lasting good fortune. This will probably be through improved health, more responsibilities, marriage, travel, or better financial conditions.

But for the majority of Aquarians, Taurians, Leonians, and Scorpions the vibrations can bring only confusion, limitations and worries.

The important thing is for Aquarians to realise the possibilities of these difficulties or gains, and to act with caution or confidence according to the way in which their fortunes seem to be running.

For the majority, however, it will mean caution, patience, and much wisdom to live successfully and happily through a difficult time.

This period, however, will soon end.

DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Small opportunities and gains possible for many Arians on February 10 (after 7 p.m.), 11, and 12. Hard work will help.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be continually on your guard this coming week, for there's trouble ahead for unwary Taurians, especially on February 10 (evening), 11, and 12. Don't take any risks or make changes of importance. Keep to routine work.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): A good time can be had by almost all Geminians just now. Plan ahead, and be prepared to start new ventures, make changes, and move on February 8 (morning), or 15. Work diligently and constructively, seeking improvement.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Not a spectacular time for Cancerians, but as improved conditions come soon, plan ahead, February 8 (p.m.), 9, and 10 just fair.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Your stars are definitely unfriendly, and will incline you to do the wrong thing at the wrong time. If trouble eventuates it will probably be your fault. Try to guard against it by being patient and wise. Take no risks on February 10 (late), 11, and 12.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Rather unpropitious time, yet you should get all important matters of urgency under way to avoid having to start them later this month. February 13 and 14 best, but work.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Your stars signal "Full speed ahead," so plan wisely and try to achieve some of your hopes and ambitions. Make the most of February 8 (before noon only) and 15, for those dates offer best radiations for success. February 11 and 12 fair.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Your stars don't like you at present, so be cautious, wise, patient, and nice to other people. Otherwise you're liable to get yourself into lots of difficulties. Try to avoid delays, upsets, and upsets or arguments. They can all react against you. Don't take risks. February 10 (evening), 11, and 12 advise.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Unpropitious, yet semi-important matters which cannot wait some weeks must be adjusted. February 11 and 12 best.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Just a week of days for most Capricorns. Concentrate on routine. February 13 and 14 just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): A rather unpredictable week, to play safe by being cautious and agreeable. February 8 (morning) and 14 are pretty favorable, but February 10 (evening), 11 and 12 advise.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Bitter times just around the corner, so get routine matters adjusted and plan ahead. February 8 (p.m.), 9, and 10 best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician



THE STRANGE NATIVE STARES, POP-EYED--AS THE KNIFE, SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR, SEEMS TO CUT INTO THE ROPE!

NO--NO--



TERROR-STRICKEN, THE NATIVE FALLS FROM THE ROPE--DROPPING HIS SACK...



WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS SACK? A FOX? THAT FELLOW MUST HAVE BEEN A PAL OF BESA'S OR HE WOULDN'T BE HERE.



WHAT WAS HE GOING TO DO WITH THAT FOX? AND WHERE DOES THIS ROPE LEAD? WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



AND NOW--WITH THE SETTING SUN, YOU SHALL SEE THE POWERS OF BESA--I WILL TURN THIS GIRL INTO A FOX BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES! I CLOSE THE CURTAIN OF MYSTERY--



OOKIE WOOKIE, FINAKI BINAKI, SUZI FLUZI, RINAKI GINAKI! AND NOW--I OPEN THE CURTAIN--



SURPRISE!



THAT SPELL DIDN'T WORK, BESA, BECAUSE YOU PUT THE "OOKIE" BEFORE THE "WOOKIE".



LUCKILY FOR YOU, I DID THE SPELL PROPERLY, BUT IT SEEMS A SHAME TO HAVE TO TURN THAT NICE GIRL INTO A FOX!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BEING A FOX?



I LIKE IT. LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL BUSHY TAIL! DON'T MAKE SUCH A FACE, BESA. IT DOESN'T HURT ME TO BE HELD BY THE EARS. I LIKE THAT, TOO.



IF I HAVE TO BE A FOX, CAN'T YOU MAKE ME BIGGER? I HATE TO BE SO LITTLE. THINK OF ALL THE DOGS THAT'LL CHASE ME AND--

Hmm, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BESA?



I'M--GETTING AWAY--FROM HERE--

OH, NO, BESA. IT'S YOUR TRICK! YOU WANTED TO TURN A GIRL INTO A FOX, BUT THE FOX IS UNHAPPY AND WANTS TO BE BIGGER, SO--



IS THAT BETTER?



MARVELLOUS! JUST LET A DOG CHASE ME NOW!

MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY AND--

TO BE CONTINUED

When DEMON INSECTS bite...



They inject poison into your skin, swelling, itching, which is very irritating...



Not a bit of it! It's easy enough for blood-poisoning to set in if you neglect a bite of stinging...



Lightly smear on Rexona Ointment. It soothes the irritating itch... guards against infection... tones up the whole skin.



Rexona quickly soothes because it contains SIX proved healing ingredients that make Rexona the supreme remedy for all skin troubles. Get a tin to-day.

USE Rexona OINTMENT

1/7 in the green triangular tin. (3 times the quantity, 3/7). Also Rexona Medicated Soap—1/4d. in City & Suburbs. From every good chemist or store.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED O.B. 22

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged... if his nose is warm... if he is listless, loses appetite and is always scratching—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powders—a sure way of keeping him fit. BARKO purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

BARKO
CONDITION POWDERS
1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

THE intelligence Office's sources of information were obscure, but they were generally quite reliable. They had been unusually sure that the Admiral Schroder was going to round the Cape and come into the Indian Ocean. But that had been a long time ago, and the pocket-battleship had not appeared. Something may have gone wrong.

Blair wasn't sure he was pleased with the arrangements to meet her if she did appear. Depended too much on chance and luck. The possibility of getting the submarine into a position from which she could attack played too big a part in the projected operations.

There was a good chance of disaster if things didn't work out that way. He had better have the captain of the submarine over to lunch to talk over the situation again if the weather continued fair. Cooky young squirt, but a lot depended on his skill and on the ability of the two ships to work together.

It was time to send up the plane for her evening observation flight. He went out on the bridge wing to watch the operation. The catapult officer was busy with his last-minute preparations. Long practice had made everyone efficient at his task. There was no longer any novelty even in a novel operation.

There was not enough breeze stirring to make the cruiser change course to catapult the plane.

The pilot climbed up into the cockpit, exchanging places with the mechanic who had been warming up the engine. He fiddled for a moment with his controls and adjusted his goggles. The roar of the engine deepened in tone, shattering the silence of the vast ocean. The pilot waved his hand in signal and braced himself for the shock. The catapult officer flung down his up-raised arm.

In a deafening crescendo of sound the plane shot across the deck on the catapult tracks. The pilot waved his hand in signal and braced himself for the shock of acceleration. By the time the plane had reached the end of the catapult

it had gained flying speed. It shot off into the void over the water, dipped slightly toward the surface of the sea and commenced climbing to gain altitude.

Soon it was a tiny speck hovering between the empty sky and the empty sea beneath.

The sun was setting when the plane came back. It settled on the water like a huge graceful bird. The cruiser stopped to pick it up. Notably it taxied to a position underneath the crane. With deft hands the pilot and his mechanic hooked on the slings. The pilot looked up to the bridge and shook his head in negation. The sea was as empty as it had been since the beginning of time.

The cruiser settled down to her nightly routine. Thanks to the plane's observations there was little chance of being surprised during darkness. Nevertheless half the battery was manned, the men resting at the guns throughout the long night.

In the full moonlight the cruiser stood out almost as clearly as she had in the light of day. Excepting for the dim blue-screened wake light for the submarine to steer by, no glimmer of light relieved the length of her shadow. Astern of her the bulk of the submarine, huddled close to the water, could be discerned only as a dark blot on the surface of the sea.

Sunrise found the crew of the cruiser at battle stations. That instant when the sun's ball tipped the eastern horizon was the critical moment of every day.

One moment the sea was dark. The best eyes in the world could not pierce the veil more than half a mile. Almost in the next instant the horizon was twelve miles away. Anywhere in between, the rapidly broadening circle might disclose a powerful enemy.

From the fire-control tower Lieutenant Commander Fields, the gunnery officer, observed his seventy-first consecutive sunrise. He

Enemy Sighted

Continued from page 8

carefully swept the distant horizon with his binoculars.

The plane had taken off fifteen minutes before. It was out of sight. There was nothing to be seen. Low oily swells traversed the lifeless expanse of ocean, unruffled by the slightest breeze. Even the submarine had disappeared. Each dawn she submerged to escape being caught in the widening radius of visibility.

It had been that way for months. Each morning, an hour before dawn, five hundred and fifty men had gone sleepy-eyed to their battle stations to await the sunrise. Each morning the sun rose as it always had before.

Five hundred yards off the port quarter a disturbed patch of water

The answer is—

- 1—An R.A.F. driver who drove through the outer defences by mistake.
- 2—Smaller.
- 3—Yes.
- 4—Senator McLeay.
- 5—The dried roots of a tropical plant.
- 6—Bucharest.
- 7—Queen Victoria, etc.
- 8—Sir John Tenniel.
- 9—Sir Benjamin Hall, Commissioner of Works, etc.
- 10—Sort of plane, used especially for curved surfaces.

Questions on page 30.

appeared. Through it the black hull of the Petard shot to the surface. The white water cascaded off her decks. An officer appeared on her bridge. The submarine was getting along with her morning routine.

Lieutenant Commander Fields gripped the edge of the wind-screen and peered over the side. The peaceful decks of the cruiser lay stretched out below him, her graceful outline projected against the flat surface of the sea.

At each anti-aircraft gun a little knot of men stood ready. The covers had been thrown back from the ready ammunition boxes, and in them he could see the gleaming brass fuse caps of the projectiles, nested like eggs in a crate.

The night-setters fumbled with their telephones and every now and then glanced aloft, waiting impatiently for the word that would release them. The main battery turrets betrayed no signs of the life that teemed within them, but every gun, every station was manned and ready for action.

"Secure from general quarters," the talker on the captain's circuit repeated to the gunnery officer.

"Secure," the gunnery officer ordered over the fire-control telephone, as he commenced unbuckling the straps from around his neck.

The group of men about the anti-aircraft guns broke up. Out of the turrets men climbed, suddenly clamorous and in holiday spirit like schoolboys at the dismissal bell. Another moment of tension had passed.

For the great majority of the men in the Petard, the grim realities had been dulled by countless uneventful repetitions of the same dawn routine. For Captain Blair and his gunnery officer this moment always brought a sense of profound relief.

When Fields made his way down from the fire-control tower he found Captain Blair taking his morning exercise on the bridge.

FROM the port wing of the bridge it was seventeen paces before the starboard pelorus barred his way. Wheel and seventeen paces back.

The signal quartermasters crowded in the extreme corner of the port bridge wing to keep out of the way. The officer of the deck threaded in and out of his shuttle-like path, timing his coming and going to the harmonious motion of the captain. The early morning traffic to and from the bridge was controlled by Captain Blair's motions as the steam flow to a cylinder is controlled by a valve.

When the gunnery officer appeared the captain paused.

"Good morning, Captain," Fields greeted him.

Blair returned the greeting pleasantly enough. "How did everything go this morning, Fields?" he asked, apparently more in a heavy handed attempt at pleasant conversation than for any information.

"Smoothly enough," Fields replied. "They ought to. We've certainly had enough practice at it," he added, smiling wryly. "As a matter of fact I think the men are getting stale. The loading time in the turrets has been falling off a little lately."

Instantly he knew he had said too much. The Captain's sun-burned face became even redder.

"Confound it, Fields," he snorted. "I won't have it. Volume of fire and a little excess speed are the only elements of superiority I have over the Schroder. I expect you and the chief engineer to deliver them to the limit of the capabilities of the ship."

Fields thought the outburst was entirely uncalculated. He knew, and so did the captain, that the Petard was the best gunnery cruiser in the fleet. There had been no conscious slackening off. It was impossible to hold men to the peak of perfection for such a long period of time. His mouth set in a grim line. He did not reply. The captain resumed his pacing across the bridge.

Fields went down to the ward-room for breakfast. After breakfast he kicked off his shoes and stretched out on his bunk. It would be a couple of hours before the regular morning drill at general quarters. He could get a little rest. He had a night watch coming up and it would be too hot to sleep in the afternoon.

He must have fallen asleep immediately for he didn't feel the ship stop to recover the plane from the morning observation flight. When he opened his eyes he saw the pilot, still in his flying clothes, passing the door of his room.

"What did you see up there, Pete?" he called out to him.

"Nothing," was the disgruntled answer. "Just ocean. There is plenty of that around."

"Yes," Fields yawned, as he felt for his shoes.

From far aft in the interior of the ship came the measured Bong! Bong! Bong! of the general alarm as it commenced its clamor. There was a slight tremor through the ship. She seemed to have come alive, and Fields knew she had increased speed.

Over the loud speaker system came the boatswain mate's hoarse tones: "All hands to general quarters."

Reaching for his cap Fields glanced at his wrist watch. Nine-thirty. General quarters. No rest for the weary. His feet found their way up many ladders to the fire-control tower, almost without volition. All his life it seemed had been spent running up and down ladders to the demands of brazen gods and raucous bugles.

Please turn to page 37

DIGESTION-TIRED—Can't play

How to get better on Benger's Food

He used to look forward to the week-end game. Now he does not care whether he plays or not—"off his game" because his digestion has been tired for weeks.

He is a case for Benger's, the only Food that will give his digestion its much-needed rest, and at the same time keep him fully nourished. The natural digestive enzymes in Benger's Food assist the digestion in a way no other food drink can. Have your first cup of Benger's Food to-day.



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE

Benger's Food only takes as long to make as half a pint of milk takes to boil. For invalids and infant feeding follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.



BENGER'S The self-digestive Food

FREE—THESE THREE VALUABLE BOOKS
"The Truth About Badly Broken Digestion"
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A comprehensive, well-illustrated 78-page book with a special section for the Mother-to-be. Write to the Benger's Food Co., Ltd., for your free copy and address in margin and send this advertisement to Benger's Food Co., Ltd., 120, George St., Sydney, for your free copy.

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Celebrated
MALT VINEGAR
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CHAMPION'S
Pure Malt
VINEGAR

QUARTS and PINTS

REMEMBERING

his conversation with the captain that morning, he decided he would hold the gun's crew in turret four, after he had released the others, and himself witness a loading drill. It was quite true that morning general quarters, had become a rather perfunctory affair.

As soon as he had given the word to secure, Fields hurried to turret four. Every extra minute that he held the men at the guns intruded on the time the first lieutenant would have them at their cleaning stations and that didn't help matters either in the wardroom or the crew's quarters.

The Perseus was cutting through the water at high speed now. The water boiled in her wake. Every few minutes she made a wide change of course. The cruiser was making a high speed zig-zag run for the Petard to make a practice approach. The quarter-deck, as Fields reached it, seemed to be squatting low in the water.

Stooping low he crawled through the trap in the turret overhead and paused for an instant in the turret officer's booth, glancing about at the myriad of dials and controls and valves for the sprinkling system and the magazine flood controls. Everything seemed to be in order. He squeezed into the control chamber.

The turret officer was already there. There was hardly room for the two of them to crowd against the turret bulkhead. Nearly all the available space was taken by the

Enemy Sighted

Continued from page 36

gun breeches and the loading mechanism.

Each man of the turret crew stood at his appointed place. From it he would be unable to grove while the turret was firing. These seemingly inert and massive breeches would come charging back in recoil into that tiny space with the brutal irresistible force of tons of metal in motion each time the guns fired. Every man must keep clear of them or risk almost certain injury.

Through it all the turret would be slewing and turning as it trained onto the target. It would be difficult enough for a man to keep on his feet, but the guns must be served. Accurately, safely and with the greatest attainable speed and precision, powder must follow shell into the waiting maw of the gun breech after every salvo.

Each powder-bag that a man clasped in his arms bore the seeds of destruction for them all. If an enemy hit or an accident should set it off before the plug was safely closed on it, the whole turret-chamber would be converted into a fiery inferno to incinerate everyone in it.

If, then, there had been any carelessness in powder handling, or if the protective measures were any less than perfect, the fire might spread to the magazine below and the whole ship would be instantly destroyed.

Fields pulled a stop-watch from his breast pocket and nodded to the

turret officer to proceed. "Load," he ordered.

The drill shells rolled onto the trays. The hydraulic rammers met them and hurried them along the loading trays into the yawning breeches. The rotating bands bit into the rifling with a hollow thud. As the rammers whipped back and the loading trays were pulled clear, the powder-bags followed the shells into the guns. The plugs thumped home. On the right and left guns the gun-captains snapped on their ready lights almost together.

Fields looked at his stop-watch and nodded in satisfaction.

"You may unload and secure," he said as he retreated into the turret-officer's booth.

The turret-officer followed him. "I know my loading time hasn't been so good lately," he admitted, "but I think it's mostly because the men are stale. I doubt that we would gain anything by any more drill."

"You certainly couldn't improve much on that performance," Fields admitted as he dropped through the trap on to the quarter-deck below.

The morning was nearly over. The Perseus sent a semaphore message over to the submarine asking Lieutenant-Commander Howe to come aboard for lunch with Captain Blair. Acceptance was, of course, a foregone conclusion.

Shortly before noon both ships hove to. The cruiser's motor life-boat danced over the heaving swells, looking tiny and frail on the great expanse of water.

Lieutenant-Commander Howe, slightly uncomfortable in a starched white uniform, after the informal garb of the submarine, climbed the sea-ladder and came aboard the cruiser. Both vessels got under way again at their crawling five-knot speed.

In the captain's cabin the two officers sat down to a luncheon that Howe knew was only an excuse for the conversation to follow.

THE young officer had a profound respect for the fighting reputation of "Red" Blair, but he felt under no obligation to endorse all the opinions of his superior. Blair, he knew, had but little respect for the capability of the submarine. Long years of experience had taught the older officer to bank his faith on the hitting power of his guns.

"I trust that everything on board the Petard is satisfactory," Blair inquired.

"Yes, sir," Howe replied. "She is fit and ready. The crew is a little restive under the close confinement of submarine life and the heat is just endurable, but we bear up under it."

"Hump," Blair snorted. "Two or three months at sea and these modern seamen consider they have cause for complaint. When Hughes and Suffren fought in these very waters men thought nothing of two years aboard ship."

Howe thought that there was little that could be compared between life on a ship of the line and the conditions on board his submarine.

"I'm not prepared to concede that Hughes' men were superior to mine or any better able to endure hardship," he answered.

"Perhaps, perhaps," Blair yielded. "I'll admit you have a lot to contend with. I presume that a few more weeks will see the end of it. If the Schroder doesn't arrive by then everybody will be ready to admit that she isn't coming at all."

"Then you feel it has all been a wild-goose chase?"

"Perhaps not. The enemy may have intended to send the Admiral Schroder into the Indian Ocean and had something turn up to change their plans. She could do a lot of damage here all right, but I imagine they would find the fuel problem almost insurmountable."

"It's strange we have heard nothing of her for so long. You would imagine that somewhere she would be sighted if she is at sea."

Please turn to page 44

RHEUMATISM

Stop THAT AGONISING CRIPPLING PAIN

USE THIS LONDON DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION



HARRISON'S PILLS
Remove the Cause!
DEAF?
"CHICO" INVISIBLE
EARPHONES, 2/- PAIR.
Worn inside your ears as buds or balmers. Astonishingly effective. Guaranteed lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., No. 54, State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

Radio Matinee—new session for shoppers

WITH the introduction of the Radio Matinee in a city store every Thursday afternoon, 2GB has planned a programme that will interest listeners and shoppers alike.

The programme will run for an hour from 3.45 p.m., and is closely woven around the store atmosphere.

Grace Saville is the hostess, Ward Leopold is the manager, and Freddie Macintosh plays the waiter.

Russell Scott, 2GB producer, has had comedy dialogue written for the waiter and the manager, and this is interspersed with musical numbers.

Revs can be thoroughly entertaining, and the acts and numbers given clever variations, but few shows of the revue variety can claim original ideas in presentation.

An American showman once said: "The basic principles of entertainment are as old as time itself—it is not new to make people laugh or cry from the stage; and in all the ways of doing it none is original, but some are clever."

The Radio Matinee is cleverly presented, written, and produced.

It is a revue entertainment with a number of new embellishments, and these make it a programme full of refreshing qualities.

Its comedy and music are delightfully blended under the direction of Russell Scott.

Artists to be featured in the programme from time to time are the Rhythm Boys, who will be



THE RHYTHM BOYS—2GB entertainers.

heard every week; Alice Smith, Bert Harrow, Wilma Gregory and others.

Another feature is the appearance of successful competitors from Australia's Amateur Hour.

These artists, many of whom have already won recognition at Sydney and suburban theatres and at special functions, will add still further to the entertainment value of the Radio Matinee, and increase their own standing in the show world.

There is something more, too, which the Radio Matinee will give its listeners, and that is the friendly atmosphere of the store.

What the personal audience sees the listeners will enjoy by ear.

Therefore, a twofold purpose will be fulfilled, and whether people attend the broadcast or listen-in, they will be thoroughly entertained.

Watch dull hair come to life with the Camilatone Beauty Routine! New sparkle! Richer colour! Brighter tones! Simply shampoo with Camilatone, the vitamin shampoo, then rinse with Tonninz. You'll be delighted with the result. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonninz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6/6. Additional Tonninz separately at 3/6 each. Put the sunshine in your hair!

SPARKLE & COLOUR TO FADED HAIR



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Keep figure forever young

INSTANTLY REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS

with a FIGURE CONTROL CORSET; the CORSET that NEVER lets you down!

No need now for dieting, or to take dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will give you a slimmer, smarter, more youthful figure, enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately.



Your figure is beautified with every move you make. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET corrects your figure faults... providing wonderful ease and comfort whilst reducing, supporting and controlling the abdomen. Bulges are smoothed out... you actually reduce at waist, hips and thighs. You look and feel so much younger; so much smarter.

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET has an exclusive ADJUSTABLE fold-over front with perfectly flat, patented fastenings. No buckles or lacing. No back opening. The elastic inserts have an underlay of

slightly loose sheer lining for stretch control, allowing for slight expansion and contraction with every movement of the body, and thus gently, almost imperceptibly, clearing away the fat which has accumulated in the tissues. It has flexible, spiral steel boning, permitting you to bend forwards, backwards, sideways, easily and freely; slimming and disciplining your curves without restricting your freedom.

As comfortable to wear as a well-fitting glove, the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET keeps you UP and it keeps you IN. My clients call it "The Corset that NEVER lets you down." Tailor-cut and tailor-made to solve YOUR figure problem. Light and strong, yet perfectly flexible, it will keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn.



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A.W.W.22



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to delight a woman's heart

THERE'S A REAL thrill when you collect your free gift from the Vita-Brits seals that you have been saving. Every article in the big range of high quality gifts is something useful and really worth having. Buy Vita-Brits — the crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal that is packed full of nourishment, and start saving the seals today.



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The high quality and useful articles pictured at left are typical of the gifts you get in exchange for the seals which you will find on the side of every Vita-Brits packet. The gift range includes fancy goods, household linen, kitchenware, cutlery, crockery, china and glassware. All these gifts are displayed at the Gift Showrooms where you can inspect in comfort and at your leisure.

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THE MORNING, NOON & NIGHT CEREAL

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS—At the Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, all the gifts are clearly displayed and marked with their exchange values. By bringing the necessary number of seals to the Showrooms, you can take immediate delivery of the gift you prefer. If you live out of town, you can have your gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary seals to the Showrooms, together with (1) your name and address, (2) details of the gift you prefer, (3) necessary postage and packing charge. The large (24 oz.) packets of Vita-Brits carry a large seal. The small (12 oz.) packets carry a small seal. In exchange values for gifts, three small seals equal one large seal.

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Sydney: 263 Castlereagh St. (Opp. Mark Foy's) Wollongong: Coupon Gift Centre, Crown St.
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Parramatta: Coupon Gift Centre, Macquarie Street.

★ To get your gifts quicker, combine your Crispies seals with the seals from the packets of Vita-Brits and Spry's Cornflakes.



The Homemaker

February 8, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

39

STRAIGHT TALKS ...on beauty problems

• "No woman really wants to hear the truth about herself—at least not face to face," said a well-known beauty specialist to me the other day. "But she will read it in a beauty article. There are four types I'd like to help, so will you please publish these straight talks?"

By JANETTE

FREQUENTLY I'm asked," went on this beauty specialist,

"What can I do to improve myself? What do you think about my make-up—the way I wear my hair?" (or figure, or nail polish, or whatever).

"Naively, I used to think they meant it, and answered honestly. But I learned. A woman doesn't like to be told the truth.

"But, oddly (aren't we funny creatures now, really?), she doesn't mind reading it—in a beauty article, for instance. Perhaps it is because she can read it in secret, or she can tell herself that what she reads doesn't apply to her, anyway.

"So here are the 'straight talks' I want you to give my four special types—

"DEAR Mrs. Heavy Cheeks!

"How awfully nice to see you again! What do I think of your new hair-do? My dear, I can see you've been reading in the film magazines and fashion news that stars have taken to wearing shoulder-length fluffy bobs again. You've seen their pictures, looking girlish and lovely, with those billows of hair showing behind their ears, filling out the hollow of each shoulder.

"But you forget, my dear, that most of those movie stars are in their teens or early twenties. That either by birth or starvation diet they are as thin and keenly contoured as arrows. That they are lean about the jaw line, thin of cheek and neck.

"With a sharp-chinned face, masses of hair billowing from behind the ears to fill in the hollows of the shoulders make the kindest, most flattering coiffure to be found.

"But honestly, you haven't got facial contours like that.

"After thirty, almost any woman's face gets full around the jaws. Your chin, instead of being pointed, is square. Your cheeks have filled out or sagged, so that the lower half of your face is heavy, not lean.

"Billows of hair below your ears just make your face look heavier, squarer. They seem to pull your cheeks down with their weight.

"What your face needs from your coiffure is lift. Your hair should follow an upward movement. Curls brushed up! Waves laid in lines upward from the ears towards the crown of your head. Hair turned back on itself at the hair line, none of it hanging down on your neck to emphasise the downward sag of your facial muscles.

"I don't mean to beatty, my dear, but I can't believe a long, billowy bob is good for any woman past thirty."

"CHARMED, Mrs. Head-in-the-Sand.

"How nice of you to like my salon and all its fragrant toiletries that are aimed to help women to be charming. Take this perspiration deodorant, for instance. . . . Oh, you don't perspire? Are you sure?"

"You know, a lot of really nice women who think they don't perspire have an obvious perspiration odor. Such a lot of men are shocked by this failure of many women to be fastidious enough.

"Whether the weather is cold or hot, whether your clothes are heavy or light, your movements strenuous or languid, you are perspiring, and most perspiration has an odor perceptible to others.

"Why not make sure and use a deodorant or perspiration check as faithfully as you brush your teeth.



THE YOUNG face with a slender chin and rounded cheeks that haven't started to sag can take a girlish hair-do like that above, worn by Frances Leslie, Fox player.



IF YOU are over thirty, the smart up-sweep hair-do such as worn here by Doris Nolan, RKO actress, is the type that will suit you best.

even if you do like to think you don't need it?

"Why do you take a strange pride in the boast that you don't perspire? Do you think you are too refined to perspire in a naturally healthy way?"

"LITTLE Miss Illusion!

"You are a stranger! Where have you been keeping yourself? Or rather, what have you been doing to yourself? Don't tell me; I can see. You've plucked your eyebrows to a thread. Oh, do let them grow again.

"You've read that Marlene Dietrich's brows are just like a pencil line? Oh, yes, but her features are as fine and symmetrical as a sculptor's dream girl. Her nose is so thin, her eye sockets are so chiselled in outline that a clean thin line of brow is right for her.

"We might as well not try to fool ourselves; we are not all given such features. We just can't turn ourselves into ravishing beauties.

"What we can do is make the most of ourselves, play up the details that make us pretty, or chic, or aristocratic-looking.

"What you can do is look striking. Your hair is so shiny black. Your mouth is big but exciting, with that bright lipstick.

Let your eyebrows be thick and important.

"Your whole head will then look as though it were sketched in with bold strokes by a dashing artist."

"HOW are you, Miss Country Cousin?

"You're kind to say such nice things about my work. What advice would I give you? If I were you, I'd wear a much deeper shade of face powder. Do you want to hide that nice healthy sun-kissed look you have? You think it looks contrived.

"Why, you innocent, it's your pale pink powder that looks contrived! In fashion centres, salons, in shops where smart women shop, it is the deep shades of powder that sell and sell.

"If their complexions aren't robustly tinted they want to make them look so. You think it is girlish and inconspicuous to wear a light powder shade. But you're wrong. It makes you look old-fashioned and conspicuous!"



**He's as
HAPPY
AS THE DAY
IS LONG**

Wisely, his mother keeps him in perfect health with genuine Laxettes—the mild chocolate aperient that kiddies love to take.

Ideally suited to sensitive young tummies and finicky young palates, genuine Laxettes have been preferred for 30 years by mothers and children in almost every Australian home. Genuine Laxettes are absolutely free from habit-forming drugs and purgatives and gently but surely prevent Faulty Elimination (incomplete bowel action).

Try a tin today. Genuine Laxettes, containing dihydroxydiphenylphthalidum, the non-toxic and safe laxative.

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**Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with
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Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores



MUMMY SAYS **RINSO** IS WONDERFUL, THE WAY IT KEEPS MY PRETTY COLOURED DRESSES AND WOOLLIES LIKE NEW



FOR THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Rinso

THAT'S TRUE, MY DEAR, **RINSO'S** WONDERFUL SUDS GIVE THE WHITEST WHITES I'VE SEEN IN 30 YEARS' WASHING.

ALL MY CUSTOMERS TAKE AN EXTRA PACKET OF **RINSO** FOR WASHING-UP TOO! COULDN'T DO WITHOUT IT, THEY TELL ME!



IMPROVED RINSO
in the **BIG PACKET**



A LEVER PRODUCT

4.382.1/W.W.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE CARELESS THIS HOT WEATHER



PHEW! IT'S HOT! I COULDN'T STAY IN HERE FOR THE BEST SHOW ON EARTH. I'LL WAIT IN THE FOYER, LINDA.



I DID THINK CEC LOVED ME LOLA...TILL THAT NIGHT HE PRACTICALLY WALKED OUT ON ME AT THE THEATRE...

PERHAPS YOU OFFENDED HIM. IT'S TERRIBLY CLOSE INDOORS THESE NIGHTS...I'VE FOUND IT DOESN'T PAY TO RISK 'B.O.'



SO THAT WAS IT! I'LL USE LIFEBOUY EVERY DAY AND NOT RISK 'B.O.' AGAIN.

Linda was wise to change to LIFEBOUY

It's almost impossible to avoid warm-weather perspiration. And wherever there's perspiration, "B.O." is never far away! But it's easy enough to avoid offending by using Lifebuoy—the one and only soap specially made to outwit "B.O." Lifebuoy is the favourite of fastidious women—because it is so mild. Buy Lifebuoy today—you get a generous tablet for your money.



LINDA DARLING, YOU'RE SO SWEET, SO ADORABLE THESE DAYS.

(THINKS) I WONDER IF YOU'D HAVE SAID THAT IF I HADN'T LEARNED ABOUT LIFEBOUY

LIFEBOUY

Its clean fragrance vanishes — but its protection remains!

A LEVER PRODUCT

2.585.1/W.W.

Exquisite, luxurious, rare...these

EXOTIC ORCHIDS

● These beautiful blooms photographed in natural color by our photographer are exquisite examples of the finest in orchid culture. This is the first time the Princess Beatrix has flowered in Australia.

—By Our Home Gardener.

IN a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly I wrote about orchid culture for the amateur.

To-day I am showing you some orchids photographed in the home of Sir Harry Moxham, a Sydney orchid-lover and one of our most successful growers of these exotic flowers.

But all these blooms were not cultivated in this country.

When Lady Moxham was trying to decide on a Christmas gift that would please her husband most, she got the happy inspiration to send to the Federated Malay States

for some orchids which are not obtainable here.

The blooms, the lovely Vandas, "Joachim," shown at the top right of this page, were sent from Singapore by air.

The other orchids shown here were cultivated by Sir Harry Moxham himself—the centre specimens being Cattleyas, "Harold Alba," and the others Vandas, "Princess Beatrix," which have flowered for the first time in Australia.



THE LOVELY Vandas, "Joachim," which were sent by air from the Federated Malay States. These orchids grow profusely in the East and are a favorite table decoration there, but are rarely seen in Australia. The color of the blooms is cyclamen-pink.



CENTRE. Some handsome specimens of a modern type of orchid, Cattleyas, "Harold Alba," grown in pots. These exquisite blooms are pure white with purple throats and gold centres. They are also highly fragrant. Cattleyas are among the most popular types of orchids.

FLOWERING for the first time in Australia, these lovely orchids, Vandas, "Princess Beatrix," are named after the elder child of Princess Juliana of Holland. Several blooms are borne on one slender stem and the color of the flowers is an exquisite cornflower-blue.



IMPROVED! DIFFERENT!

Revelry

FACE POWDER



now has a wonderful
**New ingredient, giving
hours extra cling...**

This is something no powder has ever yet been able to offer you! A feature that gives you hours and hours of serene loveliness, without "shine"—and without re-powdering. So amazing, it can't be told without sounding too good to be true. But just you try this new Revelry!

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PER BOX
(Including
Sales Tax)

New . . . and exciting

SUMMER SWEETS

● While the weather is still warm, let your culinary art have its fling. Make the sweet course in family meals the most exciting. . . . Try new dishes . . . new flavors . . . new combinations . . .

A DELICIOUS sweet gives such a flip to an otherwise ordinary meal.

Here are some recipes you can try:

APPLE AND RASPBERRY SNOW

One pound cooking apples, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, grated rind 1 lemon, 4oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2 stiffly-beaten egg-whites.

Peel and core apples and cook to a pulp in a syrup made by boiling sugar, water and grated lemon. Rub apple pulp through a sieve. Add raspberry jam and fold stiffly-beaten whites evenly and lightly through. Chill thoroughly before serving. This looks very attractive served in individual dishes and garnished with maraschino cherries.

CHOCOLATE DELIGHT

Four ounces plain chocolate, 1 small tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 white of egg, 2 tablespoons water, whipped cream, chopped walnuts.

Melt chocolate in a basin standing in a pan of boiling water. Add sweetened milk and stir for five minutes until mixture thickens. Remove from stove and beat in water. Whip up the white of egg until thick and add this to the mixture, folding in carefully with a metal spoon. Pile into sundae glasses and serve

[By MARY FORBES]
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



GROUND
rice and almond
pudding — a new
way with rice. See
recipe this page.

quite cold. Decorate with whipped cream, colored a pale pink, and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

PAVLOVA MERINGUE

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon vinegar and vanilla to flavor.

Filling: 1 box strawberries or 1 dozen passionfruit, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, sugar to taste.

Beat egg-whites till very stiff. Add

sugar gradually, and lastly vanilla and vinegar. Line two 7-inch sandwich tins with buttered paper to stand up two inches all round. Pour in the mixture and cook in a slow oven for one and a half hours. It should be rather soft in the centre. Let it cool. Strain passionfruit, add sugar and stir slightly. Dissolve 1 teaspoon gelatine in the smallest quantity of boiling water. Add it to fruit juice and put on ice to cool. When it becomes thick and syrupy put it in one cake and cover with the other. Whip cream and decorate meringue with it. If strawberries are procurable, use them also to decorate.

BANANA MERINGUE

Three bananas, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 lemon, 1oz. castor sugar.

Mash bananas and jam together and put into greased pie dish. Boil together milk, sugar, butter, lemon rind, and breadcrumbs. Let cool for a minute or two, then stir in slightly-beaten egg-yolks. Pour this mixture over bananas and bake for 20 minutes. Beat egg-whites stiffly, and stir in castor sugar gradually. Heap meringue roughly on top of baked mixture, and cook in a very moderate oven to set meringue without browning it. Decorate when cooked with sliced banana dipped in lemon juice and serve at once.

PINEAPPLE MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

One tin sliced pineapple, 1 heaped tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, whites 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar.

Soak gelatine in half a cup of cold water for ten minutes, then fill cup with boiling water (use a breakfast cup). Add vanilla and salt and allow to cool. Add unbeaten whites of eggs and beat up well. Add sugar gradually, beating all the time. Continue beating until very thick, and spongy and white, then add a few slices of finely-chopped pineapple and juice. Arrange other slices of pineapple in glass dish, and place a crystallised cherry in each slice. Pour in marshmallow and decorate with cherries.

GROUND RICE AND ALMOND PUDDING

Two ounces ground rice, 1 pint milk, 1 1/2oz. sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 egg, 1oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, strips lemon rind, crystallised cherries.

Mix ground rice to a smooth paste with a little of the cold milk. Put rest of the milk in a saucepan with lemon rind, and bring to the boil. Pour the boiling milk over the blended rice, and stir till smooth. Return to rinsed pan and boil gently, stirring all the time, until mixture thickens and leaves sides of saucepan. Add one ounce of the sugar, the butter and finely-shredded nuts.



ABOVE: Chocolate Delight. This delicious sweet is served in individual glasses and decorated with whipped cream and nuts. Recipe for making on this page.



MAKE this easy sweet in a tin ring, with sponge fingers. Tie a ribbon round the fingers above the top of the tin. Fill the inside with fruit jelly and decorate the top with cream and fruit. Make a base with a piece of sponge.

Allow to cool slightly before beating in the yolk of egg. Pour mixture into a fireproof dish well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Spread with hot jam, then pile on top the stiffly-beaten white of egg. Sprinkle with sugar and return to a cool oven for 20 minutes to set meringue. Decorate with glace cherries.



INVITING!
— all it wants now is the
HEINZ
MAYONNAISE

Heinz Mayonnaise adds that faultless, couldn't-be-better finish to your salads — without Heinz NO salad is complete. Heinz is the sort of mayonnaise you'd make yourself with richest, freshest cream, today's eggs, and other good things like that, blended and seasoned with the subtlest sense of flavour. Heinz are masters in the art of salad-dressing. Serve Heinz Mayonnaise today — it's good — in fact so good that your grocer will refund the purchase price in full if you don't find Heinz Mayonnaise completely delicious.



MADE IN AUSTRALIA

THEY ALL ENJOY MIRA PLUM

School lunches are delicious just with sandwiches of Mira Plum.

Rosella Mira Plum Jam — the children's favourite. And what could be more wholesome or delicious than this wonderful jam prepared from choicest dark red plums and pure cane sugar.

Also Solds Apricot Raspberry — Orange Marmalade

Pure Fruit Jams in hygienic gold lined cans

Butterscotch Cookies win FIRST PRIZE

● The week's most interesting recipe in our exciting best recipe competition — a contest open to all our readers. All you have to do to enter is write out your favorite recipe and send it to us.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

To enter, just write out your pet recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES WITH BURNT BUTTER ICING

Half cup butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2-3rd cup walnuts.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Blend in well-beaten eggs. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together, and add to creamed mixture alternately with sour cream. Blend in vanilla and nuts. Chill until dough is firm. Drop teaspoonfuls on lightly greased baking sheet.

Bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderately hot oven. When cool, spread with burnt butter icing.

Burnt Butter Icing: 6 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups icing sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, hot water.

Melt butter, keeping it over heat until it is a golden brown. Blend in icing sugar, add vanilla. Stir in about 4 tablespoons hot water until icing is right to spread smoothly. This amount will make about 5 dozen cookies.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Garmory, 46 Lansdowne Tce., North Walkerville, Adelaide.

BAKED STUFFED CUCUMBERS

Two cucumbers, ½ cup finely chopped ham, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs and some buttered crumbs, some tomato soup or fresh tomato puree, just enough



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says if you want to remove a stain left by scent on silk apply a little warmed glycerine with a clean piece of rag.

to moisten stuffing, white stock, seasoning, herbs if liked.

Peel and wipe cucumbers, cut crosswise in two-inch pieces and remove seeds. Mix together ham, cheese and breadcrumbs (herbs if liked). Season, moisten with tomato puree. Place pieces in a shallow fireproof dish, or pie dish, fill them with stuffing, surround with some stock and bake until cooked—about half an hour.

Take from oven and cover top with buttered breadcrumbs, and return to oven until brown. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Swanson, 240 Barker St., Randwick, N.S.W.

AMERICAN APPLE PIE

Pasty: 5½oz. butter, 8oz. flour, 2 tablespoons or little more lemon juice and water, level tablespoon sugar, pinch salt.

Filling: 8 apples, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt.

Roll butter through sifted flour with tips of fingers until crumbly. Add water a little at a time, mixing in well until dough cleans bowl but is not sticky. Roll out and line pie-plate. Fill with layers of apple slices and between layers sprinkle sugar, spice, lemon rind and juice mixture, leaving enough for top. Dot top layer with pieces of butter. Finish with fancy pastry shapes here and there. Bake for few minutes in hot oven, then lessen heat and cook until crust is cooked and apples not mushy. Serve with whipped cream or pieces of golden cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

FROSTED ORANGE PIE

Beat 1oz. butter and 3oz. sugar to a cream. Add well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs and 1oz. of cornflour. Mix well. Stir in 3oz. of cakecrumbs, 1 gill milk, strained juice of 2 oranges and grated rind of one. Use less milk if oranges are very juicy.

Line a pie dish with shortcrust (about 1lb.) and pour mixture in. Bake till well set. Now cover with a meringue made from whites of 3 eggs and 3oz. of caster sugar. Sprinkle with a few chopped walnuts or almonds. Return to oven till meringue is biscuit-colored and set. Serves six.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Weston, 66 Lyle St., Warracknabeal, Vic.

FOAM TART

Six egg-whites, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon vinegar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, add sugar gradually and continue beating until mixture will hold its shape. Add vanilla and vinegar, pour mixture into greased tin and bake as a meringue for 50 to 60 minutes in a slow oven. When cool, hollow out thin layer of top crust and cover with blackberries. The top which was cut can then be replaced, even though in broken pieces. Cover with whipped cream. Any of the berry jams could be used instead of raw fruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Olive Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

GINGER SPONGE SQUARES

One and a half cups flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 cup milk.

Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add egg, and beat well. Then add syrup, nutmeg and milk, and gradually fold in flour. Lastly add soda, which has been dissolved in a little boiling water. Bake in square tin for thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Miss Precious Minutes

OATMEAL is splendid for cleaning cane chairs. Apply the oatmeal with a damp brush, and when dry brush away with a duster or brush to remove the particles.

IF tying down jam-pots with string wet it. The knot will not slip, and, when dry, the string will shrink, tighten and make the jar airtight.

EQUAL quantities of melted marshmallows and white of egg, whipped together, make a delightful substitute for whipped cream.

WHEN white clothes have become very yellow soak in a solution of one teaspoonful of cream of tartar to one quart of water. Leave all night and then boil as usual.

IF, when arranging flowers, a bloom breaks at the head of the stalk, bind it with a thin strip of adhesive plaster, and the bloom will last almost as long as the rest.

SOILED gramophone records may be washed gently with a warm lather. Dry at once.



She discovered an amazing secret by washing her BLONDE HAIR at home!

Her hair had been going mossy. Her outstanding blonde personality was fading. She was getting 'ordinary'. Then she started to wash her hair at home. And made this amazing discovery . . . that only Sta-blond can reveal the true sparkling glory of natural blonde hair. Then came the flash of a thousand unsuspected highlights—a gleaming gleam of silken hair—that meant extra sex appeal and allure.

Never before was she so beautiful in his eyes . . . and love came!

You, too, can reveal the hidden beauty of your blonde hair. Use Sta-blond. It prevents hair from darkening. It brings back that 'lighter' colour to mossy fair hair.

ENGLISH PRODUCT

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO



A LEVER PRODUCT 7-1038

Delicious coloured, flavoured
HANSEN'S JUNKET DESSERTS
cost only a penny per person



To make delicious, coloured, flavoured junket simply stir a dissolved Hansen's Junket Tablet in warm, sweetened milk, add flavouring—and in a few minutes you have smooth, velvety junket. Serve in individual dishes with whipped cream, jelly, nuts, or fruit. Be sure you use HANSEN'S Junket Tablets, the world's best—never fail—they're stronger—more economical.

Make ICE CREAM at home for half price with **HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX**

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

The world's best—never fail—they're stronger more economical—and British



"WEANING IS THE PROBLEM PERIOD," says Mrs. MOTHERWELL

"Baby may perhaps object to the change of food when weaning times arrives. Robinson's 'Patent' Groats should solve this difficulty. I've always found it most helpful. Robinson's Groats is a finely ground cereal food easily prepared. There is nothing like it for helping baby to develop sound and healthy bone and muscle. It is economical, too, which is important in these days."

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

"MY BOOK", a complete guide to infant feeding, will be sent if you write Reckitt & Coleman (Australia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 251588, and enclose 2d. stamp for return postage.

"NOT so strange as it may seem," Blair replied. "The very threat of her coming is holding a lot of shipping in port and has forced the rest into convoys. If she picks up a stray tramp or two as prizes I imagine she would take adequate measures to see that they had no opportunity to use their radios."

"But two and a half months is a long time for her to operate without at least a rumor as to her whereabouts," he continued. "She must be getting short of fuel unless she has slipped back to port through the blockade."

Fuel, he reflected, might yet prove to be the key to the present situation. The pocket battleship might be lucky enough to pick up a Diesel-engine driven prize and acquire a little fuel in that fashion, but surely she would have to make more reliable arrangements for an extended cruise. Her cruising radius on her big Diesel engines was phenomenal, but she couldn't run on forever, and the Indian Ocean was a long way from her base.

"If the Commander-in-Chief had been certain that the Schroder was coming here," Blair mused, "I think he would have sent a force more nearly adequate to handle the situation."

Howe was aware of what Blair was thinking. It nettled him a bit to think the cruiser captain placed such a low value on the potentiality of the submarine.

"The Petard will be prepared to hold up her end if we ever meet," he said somewhat testily.

"That is, if you can get within range, you mean," Blair countered. "Once you are forced down you aren't much more effective than a minefield. With that slow submerged speed of yours you will have

Enemy Sighted

Continued from Page 37

to depend upon the enemy to come your way. What will you do if he doesn't care to play your game?"

That there was a lot of truth in the captain's contention Howe had to admit to himself. Eight knots was the best he could make once he was submerged. If the enemy had any warning of his presence it would be an easy matter for him to avoid the submarine. With the Schroder steaming at twenty-six knots he would have to make contact within a narrow angle on her bow or he would never be able to get within torpedo range.

Even then, if the enemy manoeuvred radically in her brush with the Perseus, he might not be able to close her. There was a lot of sound tactics in Blair's remarks, but it didn't make him feel any happier.

"I THOUGHT we were to depend upon Perseus to draw the Schroder into the submarine's reach," he suggested archly.

"That's the plan of action we've agreed upon," Blair replied. "Heaven knows, I hope it works. Perseus advances and exchanges a few salvos at long range with the pocket battleship, then simulates being badly hit and retires behind a smoke-screen. Petard advances to attack as the enemy advances to polish us off. It sounds fine, on paper. Some desk strategist's ideas of war. Did it ever occur to you that Schroder may have other ideas?"

It had occurred to him, of course. The Admiral Schroder would be in the Indian Ocean for the purpose of commerce destruction. If she played a cool and calculating game she would stand off the Perseus at long

range and go on about her business.

She could do infinitely more damage at commerce destruction than she could by coming to grips with a light cruiser. She would be bound to receive some damage in any hard-fought action despite her superiority of gun-power and armor, and repairs would be impossible anywhere short of her home yards.

There couldn't be much doubt as to what would be the eventual outcome of any stand-up fight between the two ships, but even if the Perseus was sunk the pocket battleship might have to return and leave the Indian Ocean commerce to go on about its peaceful business.

Just the same Howe knew that the plan of action had originated in the submarine flotilla and all his latent loyalties were aroused by the bitter reference to desk strategists. Personally he was of the opinion that no enemy commander could resist the temptation to sink a light cruiser.

"In case she doesn't come within range of Petard," Howe ventured, "I suppose Perseus would have to use her superior speed to withdraw and we could try making a better contact later."

"I hate being decoy duck for a submarine," Blair growled, "and I dislike the prospects of withdrawing from any action once it is joined. I would feel personally responsible for all the damage she might do until she was run to earth."

Howe could appreciate the fighting instincts of the captain. He could bet that Perseus would play no passive decoy part, sound strategy or no sound strategy.

Animal Antics

THEN, too, the Perseus was terribly vulnerable. One lucky hit and all her speed superiority would go glimmering and the rest might well be disaster.

It was time Howe returned to the Petard. Both ships stopped again, rolling lazily in the long swell. Captain Blair accompanied him to the sea-ladder.

"I would rather we had a heavy cruiser with us," he confided to Howe. "Then perhaps we could fight it out on any reasonable terms."

Howe was willing to concede the point. But that was just the trouble. There weren't enough cruisers to go around to protect all the possible hot spots in adequate force.

Evening came. The Petard's officers were crowded together in the little wardroom for a cheerless meal, like many others that had preceded it. It was characteristic of their boredom that no one expressed any curiosity about the captain's recent visit to the cruiser, and that Howe felt no urge to discuss tactics with his officers.

The war news they had heard on the afternoon short-wave broadcast schedule had not been very cheering. The dinner proceeded in silence.

A messenger from the radio-room appeared at the wardroom door and handed in the carbon copy of a message that had just been received. The communication officer excused himself and retired to his room to struggle over the message with code-book and cipher.

Around the wardroom table interest picked up a bit.

"What's in the wind now, I wonder?" said the engineer officer, breaking a long silence.

"Probably some routine report," the captain replied dejectedly. "Anyway, we won't have to answer. There are some advantages to a radio silence."

The conversation died back into silence. In a few minutes the communication officer was back. His face betrayed his suppressed excitement as he handed the decoded message to the captain. Howe read it through rapidly. He struggled to get free of the wardroom table as he handed the message to the navigator.

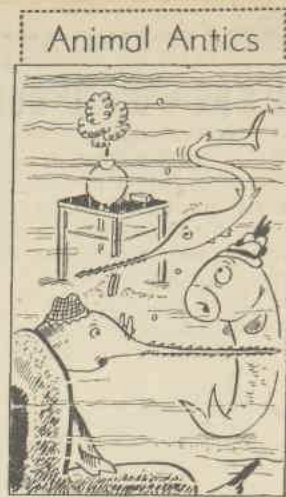
"Here Jordan," he ordered, "plot in our position on the chart and let me know course and distance to Suwadia as soon as possible." The captain was already on his way to the bridge.

The engineer read over the navigator's shoulder. "Tanker Momus left Batavia noon of the twelfth with cargo of Diesel oil. Reliable information she intends to fuel the Admiral Schroder at rendezvous in vicinity of Suwadia Atoll."

"That reads like it will call for a little more speed," said the engineer, picking up his cap from the sideboard. As he passed through the control room he could hear the jingle of the engine telegraph above the subdued clatter of the engines.

By the time the skipper reached the bridge the cruiser had already swung to a north-east course. Evidently she also had intercepted the message and Captain Blair had lost no time in acting on it.

Howe rang up full speed. The submarine rapidly accelerated to her best sustained surface speed of fifteen knots. He threw the rudder over and followed in the cruiser's



wake. In the bright moonlight the Perseus was so clearly outlined that the faint gleam of her blue wake light was hardly necessary for him to maintain position. The increased speed stirred up the semblance of a breeze.

Life on board the submarine took up a quicker tempo with the swifter beat of the engines.

There was a faint flicker of light from the port bridge wing of the Perseus. The signalman of the Petard carefully aimed his blinker tube and answered.

"Course zero two five, speed fifteen," Blair would waste no time at unnecessary night signalling. What might have to be explained could be done with less chance of detection by semaphore after daybreak.

The navigator called up to the bridge through the control-room voice tube to tell the captain that the positions were plotted if he cared to have a look at them. The captain dropped down the ladder and blinked for an instant until his eyes became accustomed to the light.

"Here is Suwadia," Jordan explained, pointing to a tiny dot south and a little east of the tip of the Indian Peninsula. "I've run up my evening star sights and here we were when we changed course just now. At fifteen knots we can make it about two o'clock in the afternoon the day after to-morrow. I've plotted the tanker's run from Batavia and if she makes ten knots and sails great circle she can reach Suwadia eight hours ahead of us or about dawn Tuesday morning."

"Hump!" Howe snorted. "It's a wonder they can't be more timely with their information. What have they been doing for the past week, sitting on this message to see if it will hatch?"

He was aware that to acquire this information at all had called for a nice piece of intelligence work somewhere. The difficulties of getting it out of a country that was then neutral might well account for a week or ten days delay. It was still timely enough to act upon, but there was no denying that if it had come in a day or two sooner their problem would have been greatly simplified.

To be continued

BREAK IT DOWN!
NO BREAKFAST
FOOD CAN RELIEVE
CONSTIPATION!

Harsh purges appear to relieve constipation; actually they aggravate your condition.

HERE'S WHY. This diagram shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.



Now, the action of harsh purges has nothing in common with the natural action of "bulk". In fact, harsh purges come as a shock to delicate internal muscles, hammering them into action. This brings temporary relief. If purging continues internal muscles are seriously weakened. Usually grave results are experienced by middle age—the penalty for the constant use of harsh cathartics.

HERE'S WHY Kellogg's All-Bran safely ends Constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran gives the bowels the natural "bulk" they need, and so brings about a normal, natural movement. It works in the same way as the uncooked vegetables and fruit with which Nature intended to keep us naturally regular and which very few of us ever eat. However, the "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran acts more surely, more thoroughly. If your system already is in a bad way, it will massage those delicate internal muscles back to normal regularity.



Start your breakfast with Kellogg's All-Bran and you will have yourself safely regular in a week.

Kellogg's All-Bran is a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal. It's all ready to serve just with milk and sugar. (Let the milk soak right in.) Tastes especially good sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit.

I TAKE BACK ALL I SAID. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN HAS BROUGHT RELIEF IN A WAY I NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

Thrift in Wartime

The household budget is made up of pennies. Thrift in War-time with pennies means War contributions of pounds—Thrifty people choose Cerebos Salt because less is used and a tin of Cerebos lasts for months. Use Cerebos.



CEREBOS SALT

The Doctor Tells You What to do

about "GROWING PAINS"

PATIENT: Doctor, my mother says I am worrying myself needlessly and is inclined to laugh because I am concerned about the aches and pains that my little girl gets in her legs. Mother says they are only "growing pains."

DOCTOR: Normal growth is a painless process, and those indefinable twinges which growing children often have in their arms and legs are not "growing pains" at all.

They are rheumatic in origin, and should not be neglected.

There is a danger, if rheumatic infections are unrecognized, that they may affect the heart, and eight out of ten cases of heart disease in children are due to this cause.

Though other organs may be affected, the effect on the heart is the most serious.

Often rheumatic fever may occur after pneumonia, scarlet fever, measles, or in children who suffer from continual colds.

Onset gradual

BUT in many cases its onset is gradual, and seen only in the so-called "growing pains," or in an attack of St. Vitus' dance.

Every precaution should be taken with the child who has had an attack of rheumatic fever, as there will be a tendency for subsequent attacks to occur, even though months or even years may intervene between.

The best preventive measures are rest above all, proper clothing, adequate nourishment, and avoidance of infections as far as possible.

Rheumatism in childhood is rather different from the disease in the adult. Hundreds of people suffer from rheumatism, and evidences of the crippling effect of arthritis are always with us.

Most people with rheumatic tendencies are inclined to accept them as an inheritance because "My grandfather was crippled with rheumatism."

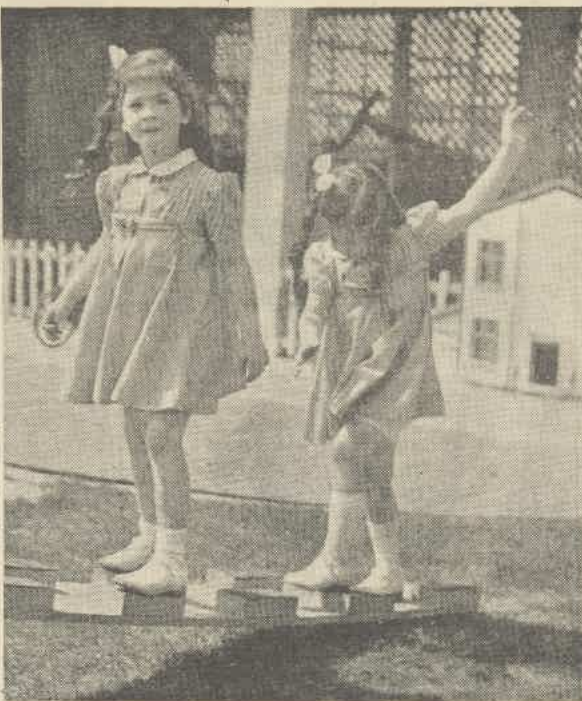
It is true that rheumatism does show a tendency to run in families, but that is only an added reason why those families should be on the watch against it.

Again, there are people who regard cold, and, above all, cold, damp conditions as the chief causes of rheumatism. But though they aggravate it, they alone will not cause rheumatism.

Nowhere on earth is colder than the Arctic, and the tropics are the warmest regions in the world—but the incidence of rheumatism is no greater in either of these places.

The Lapps and Eskimos who are continually exposed to damp mists and icy cold air never suffer from rheumatism.

Also colds, sore throats, catarrh, and tuberculosis were unknown among them until introduced by explorers and traders.



WALKING UP this apparatus fast, stepping only on the blocks, is a good exercise for muscular co-ordination. Yvonne (left) and Annette, two of the Dionne Quintuplets, are the walkers here.

These conditions, along with rheumatism, are found chiefly in densely populated areas.

It is now known that the chief cause of rheumatic disorders is some focus of infection from which poisons are spread throughout the body.

These poisons may centre in decayed teeth, diseased tonsils or sinuses, or even in an inflamed gall-bladder or appendix.

So the wisest thing to do at the first signs of arthritis—creaking joints, or stiffness in the neck, or lumbago—is to visit a doctor and have him search for the source of the trouble.

It may be necessary to have the teeth x-rayed as very often hidden areas of infection may be round their roots.

All such foci of infection must be removed or attended to if rheumatism is to be avoided.

Once it has gained a hold on the system it is not easy to remove it. There are various methods of treatment—some by heat, some by massage, and others by injections.

Now diets for rheumatic disorders are not as restricted as they used to be, and it has been recognized that rheumatic patients as well as others need a well-balanced diet based on milk, fruit, vegetables, meat, cheese, eggs and wholesome bread.

The chief dietary restrictions apply to sweets and starchy foods which should be limited as strictly as possible.

Besides being on such a diet therefore, the chief preventive measures against rheumatism are attention to decayed teeth, tonsils, etc., avoidance of undue exposure to cold and wet, and consultation with a doctor at the first sign of pains in the limbs—especially in the case of children.

Of all these causes, medical science is beginning to realise that the "deficiencies of the average civilised diet" are the cause of both the foci of infection and the rheumatism.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The difficult child

A NAUGHTY child will not be cured by "naughting" it. Naughtiness is quite often the result of some physical weakness, and usually has some explanation which if sought, found and understood by the parent will greatly help in the management of the child.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

KEEP BRIGHT AND ALERT.. Take Eno!

High spirits are a boon, not only to yourself, but to others in these strenuous times. An infectious gaiety is the outward sign of perfect health, and is impossible if you suffer from indigestion, biliousness, sick headaches and other stomach disorders. A sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning will correct the acidity which is the cause of these ailments and make sure that the system is thoroughly yet gently cleared of poisonous food waste. Get a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt" to-day.

2/4 and 3/11 at chemists, stores, and canteens.



Take only Eno because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

ENOS' FRUIT SALT

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

For a perfect 'set'..



use Amami Wave Set for natural-looking waves & curls

AMAMI WAVE SETS

Amami Products are obtainable everywhere

With Amami Wave Set you can quickly have an attractive setting of waves and curls, every hair neatly in place. Simply follow the full, easy directions enclosed. Amami Wave Set is non-oily, non-sticky, and it dries in no time. Get a bottle of Amami Wave Set—and give your hair a smart set today!

AMAMI BRILLIANTINE
Use Amami Brilliantine on your hair and see the marvellous effect. A neat, polished look—every hair sleek and shining.

"Ask the Army"



The Jolliest Comedy Quiz Show on the Air with Dorothy "Dotto" Foster Peter Bathurst The Rhythm Boys Peggy Kerr Reg. Lewis

Mondays 9.15 p.m.

2GB

Presenting...

"Winn's Radio Matinee"

The Brightest Radio Revue on the Air

with WARD LEOPOLD GRACE SAVILLE
THE RHYTHM BOYS
ALICE SMITH FRED. MACKINTOSH

Thursdays **2GB** 3.45 p.m.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK use

Jex



With JEX at hand, there's no need to scour and scrub in order to re-store something like cleanliness to blackened or food-encrusted cooking utensils. JEX does the job easily, quickly, and with 100% efficiency.

Because it is made of layer upon layer of specially stranded, super-fine steel wool, JEX simply sweeps away stains, grease, and particles of burnt-on food, leaving the aluminium hygienically clean and beautifully bright. You see, JEX has a double action—it polishes as it cleans! JEX is

THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES

Not only Aluminium, but Copper, Brass, Iron, Crystal, Glass, Woodwork and Lino-leums, the Bath, the Sink, quickly respond to a light rubbing with JEX—the safe and sure cleaner, which is as kind to your hands as to the surface of the article to be cleaned. JEX CANNOT SCRATCH, for each strand of JEX steel wool is FINEER THAN HUMAN HAIR, and almost as soft. So, when things look black, use JEX—the speediest, most efficient, and MOST ECONOMICAL of household cleaners. Remember, JEX can be used with any household soap.



Jex

If you cannot obtain JEX locally, write for a FREE SAMPLE to JEX PTY. LTD., 420 Collins Street, Melbourne.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK — use Jex

BABY! IF I COULD TALK I'D SAY... "THANK YOU MUMMY, FOR WASHING ME WITH NICE REXONA SOAP... IT KEEPS ME SO SMOOTH AND COMFY"



JUST as Rexona Soap is baby's best beauty treatment so too, Rexona's mild medications can make your skin clear, healthy, naturally lovely. Rexona alone contains Cadyl, a special protective compound of medications. Its medicated lather clears the pores of dust and impurities—leaves the skin clear, radiant.



Persistent blemishes, which do not yield quickly to Rexona Soap cure, need the combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment. Used together, this amazing combination rapidly clears up all blemishes—leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA

it more than a beauty soap,
it's a
Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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With your suit . . .

● Georgette blouse in white or colors. All ready for you to make up and work with embroidery motifs on collar and yoke.



No. 68

BLOUSE, traced for making up and working in georgette. Paper pattern of same design also available.

YOU can obtain this blouse from our Needlework Department.

It is traced for making up and working on georgette in white, cream, blue, pink, green, or turquoise.

Sizes are 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust, and the price is 7/6.

Designed for wearing with a suit or as a smart top to a skirt, this blouse has a shaped yoke with four pin tucks on either side and embroidery motifs on collar, yoke, and sleeves.

Paper pattern of this design also obtainable, price 1/-. No transfer available.



No. 69

FOR THE toddler, georgette frock traced for making up and working.

In Georgette

THIS child's smocked frock is traced for making up and working in georgette in white, cream, blue, pink, green, or turquoise.

Obtainable from our Needlework Department. Two to four years, 6/6, four to six years, 7/6, plus 3d. postage. Paper pattern design, 1/- Transfer 1/3.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 488W, G.P.O. If calling, 136 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 67

WASHABLE HAT with embroidery on crown and underbrim. Obtainable in linen or linora.

Make this hat

SHOWN above is the smartest idea in washable hats. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for making up and working in

linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green, and in linora in pink, blue, lemon, green, cream or white.

Sizes are 21 to 22½-inch head. Prices are 7/6 for linen, 2/3 for linora.

The embroidery is done on the crown and underbrim of hat before it is made up. Then the crown should be lined and the brim stiffened with an underlining of French canvas.

Paper pattern of this design also available, price 1/-. No transfer available.



No. 66

FROCK in white or colored linora, traced for making up and working. Paper pattern of same design also obtainable.

Girl's frock

THIS little frock in princess style is obtainable traced ready for making up and working in linora in shades of pink, blue, lemon, green, cream, and white.

Sizes and prices are: Two to four years, 2/3; four to six years, 3/11, plus 3d. postage.

The frock buttons down the front and has a slightly flared skirt, puff sleeves, and tiny collar.

Paper pattern of this design obtainable for 1/-. No transfer available.

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.



2/-
a jar

Also in 9d. jars



15 MILLION jars of ArRID have been sold. Try a jar today—at any chemist or store which sells toilet goods.

ARRID

Distributors: Faneett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.



BELOW:
Waxed white wood, wrought iron, and green and silver hangings are combined in this bedroom. Window is bordered with black wood, upholstery and bed-covers are pale green, wallpaper is green with silver stars.



Restful pastel tones... FOR THE BEDROOM

● Above all your bedroom should be restful in coloring, comfortable in furnishing. Pastel shades are most suitable for hangings and upholstery. Two or more may be combined.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

LEFT: It would not be difficult to copy this pink-and-white dressing-table in the bedroom of Betty Grable, RKO star. Bedspread and curtains match the dressing-table flounces.



"You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woollen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear, dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"



"Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder..."



"Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—chee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"

Your baby deserves the best, and for skin protection that means Johnson's Baby Powder, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream.

**Johnson's
BABY Powder**
BEST FOR BABY — BEST FOR YOU

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Mideus, etc.

A2.40

QUICK ENAMEL
THE DULL SPOTS!

QUICK ENAMEL YOUR CHAIRS
QUICK ENAMEL YOUR TABLES
QUICK ENAMEL YOUR CUPBOARDS
QUICK ENAMEL YOUR WOODWORK

Be sure to ask for **QUICK**
—accept nothing else!

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Made by LEWIS BERGER & SONS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.
SHEKWIN-WILLIAMS CO. (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.
ROGERS PAINT & VARNISH CO.

A 10-66
PRODUCT
TRANSCENDING
ALL OTHERS

WHEN you choose your bedroom furniture, remember that restful sleep is as important as good food, and that comfort and convenience in dressing are necessary, too.

First essential, therefore, is a comfortable bed. Next a dressing-table in a good light, so placed that you can sit in front of it to do your hair and make up your face.

If you have an average small house, the bedroom will also contain a chest-of-drawers and a wardrobe. For comfort add a chair and a bedside table for your clock, favorite books, and reading-lamp.

There are people who like black-and-gold bedrooms, and similar startling schemes; but most of us prefer soothing pastel tones.

Color schemes

TWO colors are quite sufficient to combine in a bedroom; which you choose is a matter of personal taste.

If you can't afford expensive furniture, try a dressing-table composed of a wooden semicircular shelf with flounces of net if you favor femininity, stiffer material if you like simplicity.

It would be easy to achieve the same effect for a dressing-table as shown in the picture at the top of the page. Glass fitted to the table is, of course, an added convenience. The mirror can be framed or unframed.

Another inexpensive notion is a pair of wooden brackets placed about eighteen inches apart, and a long mirror hung between.

A bedside light is practically a necessity if you read in bed. Have a shade in pastel tint or natural tone.

READY**SET****GO**

**FOR THIS EXTRA TASTY
EXTRA NOURISHING
30 SECONDS BREAKFAST**

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

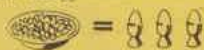
Youngsters thrive on Kellogg's Corn Flakes because Kellogg's give you back the full value for your money in quality. No other grain can touch the energy value provided by corn, and Kellogg's use only the best grain this country grows — specially cultivated white Australian corn.

Remember too, Kellogg's put their Corn Flakes straight into waxtite inner-sealed wrappers. This waxtite wrapper

not only guarantees 100 per cent. crispness and flavour up until time of purchase, but continues to maintain oven freshness after the outer packet is opened. You see — the air can't get in, the flavour can't get out! So ask for Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and always say Kellogg's before you say Corn Flakes.



One helping of
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, served
with milk and sugar provides as
much energy value as three eggs.



...and more energy value than three helpings of fried fish; two helpings of lamb's fry and bacon; or five sausages. Here's the way to heap energy value into your family on these hot mornings when appetites are listless.



Always say KELLOGG'S before you say Corn Flakes!